

MAYFAIR

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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 23 No.4

NUDE EXCLUSIVE!

**Glasnost comes
to glamour**

MISS POLAND POSES

**SALLY: SHE WENT BONK
ON A BON JOVI BOY**

**DRACULA: WAS HE A
BLOODY SUCKER?**

**VERONICA: A CHARMER
FROM CHANNEL TV**

**LOTUS: THE BRITISH
DREAM MACHINE**

**DELICIOUS DOMINIQUE:
OUR TURN-ON
FROM TAUNTON**

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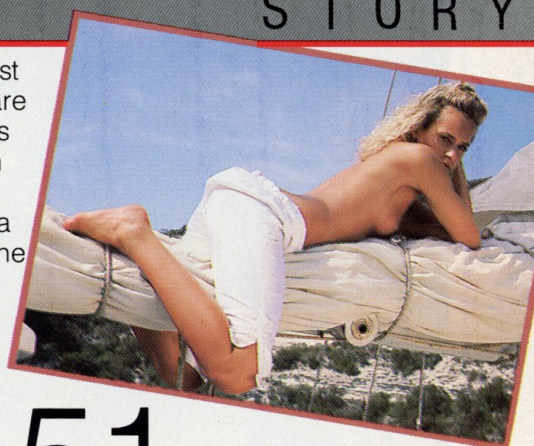


Freestyle skiers Silvia Marciandi and Cathy Farier cause quite a sensation. With lithe, tanned bodies to match their athletic prowess, it's no wonder

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CENTRE STORY

The idea that East European girls are hefty harridans is Poles apart from the truth as our centre girl Urzula proves. Polish she may be, but there's no shortage of good looks here, and you don't have to queue to see her either.



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Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** / Assistant Editor **Clive Harris** / Sub Editor **Nigel Wackett** / Motoring **William Boddy** / Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde** / Editorial Assistants **Sarah Buck** and **Lisa Oldfield** / Readers' Service **Pat Asquith** / Advertisement Director **Chris Robins** / published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST



K I M





'I had a most peculiar dream the other day,' said 21-year-old Kim McCoy. 'I was in an old warehouse playing pinball in the nude. God knows what a psychoanalyst would make of it. All I know is that I woke up feeling very horny.' Kim doesn't normally find the pinball machines near her home in Scarborough a turn-on. 'It was the sheer wantonness of it,' she maintains.

So we suggested she might like to recreate her dream with our photographer P  ter Flodquist to see if the effect was the same. It was. As soon as she stripped to reveal her 35-24-36 figure, she was purring like a cat. 'It must be my sheltered upbringing,' she said with a giggle, 'I have a secret desire to flaunt myself at nice men.' Sadly opportunities to do so in North Yorkshire are not that frequent.







'I do like to wear mini-skirts and tight-fitting tops, and sometimes they can make me feel a bit naughty, but this is the best so far,' Kim claims. Her other interests are more sober. 'Don't laugh but I'm really into coin collecting,' she says with a smile, 'especially crowns. And yes, I do play slot machines — dressed, of course.' Pity.











PHOTOGRAPHED BY EUGENE FINKEI

DOMINIQUE



Dominique Raphael is good with her hands. She makes leather-wear from her home in Taunton in Somerset. 'I used to be really into leather,' she said, 'but since I live with the stuff, I much prefer silky and frilly clothes.' Spending her days alone, it's the nights that 22-year-old Dominique really looks forward to . . .



'I love going to parties where there's more dancing than posing.' But our sultry 36-24-36 maiden has a slight problem. 'Apparently, I come on really strong, just by the way I look at people. But I don't set out to turn anyone on. I'm really quite shy.' What is it her smouldering eyes promise, we wonder?





Maybe the reason her sexuality oozes to the surface unbidden is due to her parentage. 'My father had English and West Indian parents and my mother was born in Portugal. Maybe that's why I've got natural rhythm and a love of *Vinho Verde*,' she said, bursting into a fit of giggles before subsiding into yet another sultry smile.







PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE



Running out of money on holiday can be a damned nuisance, but in the case of 21-year-old Veronica Dolcé, it changed her life. She found her pockets empty halfway across America, and so the farmer's daughter from the village of

Sbykengsse near Rotterdam, decided to try her hand at modelling. She hasn't looked back. Her 36C-24-36 figure has made her a hot property all over the world, but most magazines are too busy inventing steamy stories to talk to the girl herself. *Mayfair*, of course, is different.



Veronica says she's still a country girl at heart. Her parents' farm has chickens and goats, and she used to love riding her horse Bruno around the fields. Now though, a new life has emerged. 'I'm always being invited to clubs, but I only like the small ones,' she says, though she admits to

being partial to the odd cherry brandy. She does enjoy spending money on clothes. 'I like classic designs,' Veronica insists. 'Sexy but not way out.' She's also fond of lingerie. So fond in fact, she intends to open an undie shop in Rotterdam in the near future.







Veronica is also a trained beautician which, she says, has helped her modelling considerably. So far, as well as glamour sets, she appeared in a short film for the US *Playboy* channel — and she's been bitten by the acting bug. 'I'd love to play a bitchy character like Alexis in *Dynasty*,' she maintains, 'though I'm nothing like her in real life! After that I want to do some Shakespeare. . . .' We fear Veronica's strong Dutch accent might hamper her there. But whatever she does, as the bard would say, 'Beauty's rose will never die.'

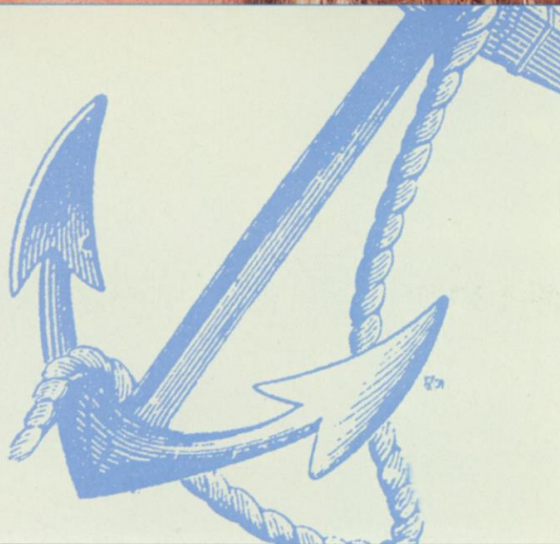




PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN PATRICK BURGESS



URZULA
OUR MISS
POLAND





Gen Secretary Gorbachev's new policy of openness may be the greatest thing to hit the Eastern bloc since sliced bread (and *that* was only last week), but it's clear to us that *perestroika* is no more than a steppe in the right direction until *glasnost* comes to glamour. Fortunately *Mayfair* is able to remedy that oversight. Curvy comrades might not have entered Miss World yet, but 22-year-old Urzula is our choice for Miss Poland.





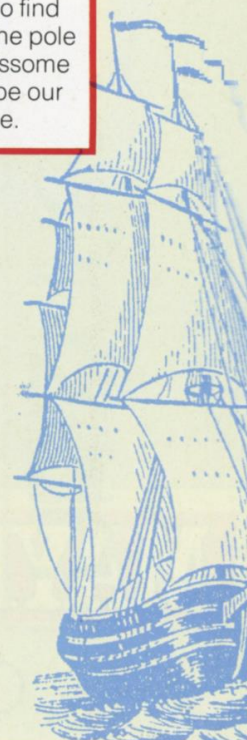


But don't just take our word for it. Thirty four-22-34 inch Urzula, who hails from the industrial city of Lublin in eastern Poland, is much admired in her native land, where she sets mature hearts thumping as the star of a popular children's TV programme.





As an ambassadress of openness she couldn't be better qualified — she clearly isn't hiding anything up her sleeve, or indeed anywhere else. In fact, were we to find ourselves up the pole with anyone, lissome Urzula would be our very first choice.





MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH



URZULA

OUR MISS POLAND





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URZULA

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PHOTOGRAPHED
BY
JOHN ALLUM

A M A N D A

Being told she had a 'womanly' figure was something 22-year-old Amanda Barrington had to get used to when she manned the reception desk of a hotel in the West Riding of Yorkshire. 'I thought they were hinting I was a little too well-padded,' says 38-24-36 Amanda, who hails originally from Birmingham. 'Then I went out with a local lad who explained that they were just saying how nicely rounded my figure was — though all he seemed interested in was my boobs!'









The subject is a sensitive one for Amanda. 'Until I was 15 I was a little podge,' she says. 'Then overnight everything seemed to go to my chest. I literally ballooned!' It made an immediate difference to her life. 'I was a secretary after I left school, but within a couple of weeks of starting my first two jobs I was moved onto reception. The trouble was I had a mental block about typing my own name. It always came out as "Amnada". I don't think that impressed my bosses!'





Reception work provided an outlet for her outgoing personality, hence the move to the hotel trade. 'I love chatting people up — not *just* the fellows!' But it was male interest in viewing more of that womanly figure that prompted her to model. 'Hope no one's disappointed,' she says. Amanda, you *must* be joking.











SALLY

the girl

who went bonk with a

Bon Jovi boy



The heavy metal group, Bon Jovi, with Richie Sambora on the right

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Most teenagers fall in love with rock stars, but few take it as far as Sally McLaughlin. Sally was featured recently in *Sunday Sport* where she claimed that she had an affair with one of the members of the American band, Bon Jovi, at the tender age of 16. The object of her affections was the heavy metal group's drummer, Ritchie Sambora, though it was a few years before the group was to achieve worldwide fame. In the *Sunday Sport*, Sally claimed she first met Sambora in Leeds where Bon Jovi were playing as a support band. 'One thing just led to another,' Sally told the paper. 'and later we ended up in bed.'









'I was so young and inexperienced, I was just swept off my feet,' Sally maintained. It was a short affair but a highly sexual one. According to Sally's article in the paper, they had sex together seven or eight times a night. However she said she found the lead singer Jon Bon Jovi's moodiness off-putting. 'One minute he was extrovert — the next refusing to talk.' Sally, now 21, sees her teenage relationship with Ritchie as a thing of the past. She even dismisses it as 'nothing special.' Instead her future lies in show business and nude modelling work. As these pictures prove, in that field she could be as big a hit as Bon Jovi.



KATI-JANE



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SHOGUN



When it comes to good looks and bodies fit to make you scream, things can and actually do run in the family. Meet Kati-Jane, the sister of Jennifer who appeared in Vol 22 No 12. 'When Jenny decided to model nude I thought it just an idle boast. But then she really did it!' exclaimed 18-year-old Kati-Jane.

'Jenny and I have always got on really well — as sisters go,' she added with a laugh. 'But we have always tended to compete against one another, even to the extent of going after the same boys. I'm one up on her though, as the last boyfriend I had was an out of work actor I met in *Joe Allens* in Covent Garden. I won't mention his name as he is quite well-known now.' So, not to be outdone, Kati-Jane has also decided to pose nude.

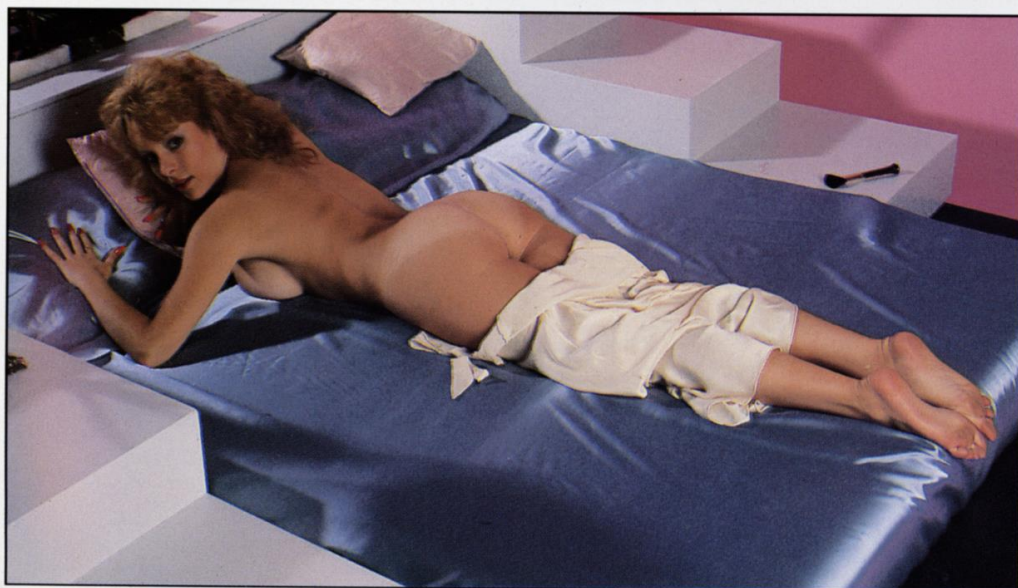


'I thought I'd be petrified when the moment came to actually remove all my clothes and bare all, especially as Jenny is much better developed than my 36-23-35 figure,' said Kati-Jane. 'But I really enjoyed it. I hope your readers like my pictures.' You need have no worries on that score, Kati-Jane! However, her eyes are not on the world of modelling as a career. Her new flat in Stanford le Hope in Essex is taking up most of her time with redecorating.





'It's quite a small place, but the thing that sold it to me was the bedroom. It's got mirrors on all the fitted wardrobes, a deep pile carpet, an *en suite* sunken bath, toilet and bidet. The only trouble is, I've never used a bidet before. Do you sit facing the taps so that you can control the temperature, or do you sit with your back to them so that the thing squirts up you?' she asked. 'Oh. That's not too naughty to publish is it?' Oh, definitely, Kati-Jane, definitely.



Favourite Felicity

It was delightful to see that Felicity Stewart was included in your 'Forty Favourites of the Year'. Please, another feature on her, preferably a Girl of the Month. Other honourable mentions as main features would be Elke, the April girl of the 1987 *Sun* calendar, along with Erica Preston, Debbie Linder (a big favourite of a few years ago), Janine Andrews, Toni White and Niki Clark.

By the way, I agree with reader K B Martin of the USA in that *Mayfair* is streets ahead of the local competition.

LF, Ontario, Canada

Smoke signals

Having been a *Mayfair* reader over the last 12 years, I have established a selection of my favourite models — girls who have superb figures and who are well photographed. They are Tracy Neve, Marina, Karen Mifflin, Patricia Hayes, Gail Thackray, Sian Adey-Jones and Lucy Lunn. Donald Milne and John Allum are my favourite photographers. I would dearly love to see *Mayfair* feature former 'page three' girls Sue Ashton, Toni White and Christine Stone.

One type of picture which has rarely appeared over the years is that of girls smoking. I saw Tracy Neve in a restaurant once and she smoked. I find the sight of girls smoking long cigarettes a great

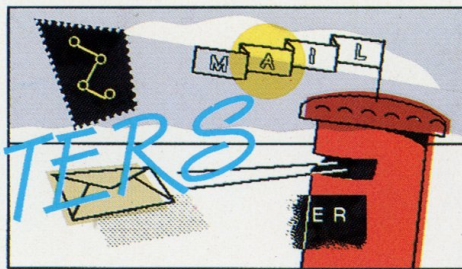
turn-on. Some might say smoking damages your health, but my girlfriend only smokes when she's ready for sex. When she lights up in company it's torture knowing what she's signalling but being unable to get her on her own for a while. When we're on our own, she screws like a pneumatic drill — maybe too much smoking will damage my health!

BB, Bristol

Take a global view

I've just been watching a video of the hilarious movie *Whoops Apocalypse*, featuring topless shots of Suzanne Mizzi, Christine Peake, Karen Kelly and my all-time favourite fantasy Maria Whittaker, dressed in nothing but lacy, black, French knickers and a sailor's cap! I've often wondered what her gorgeous globes would look like in their full quivering glory and now I know. Any chance of a set on mouth-watering Maria in the near future? Oh, excuse me, I think I've got to go and take another cold shower...

R Gilbert, Luton



Foot note

I agree with what EC of Devon (Vol 22 No 11), and MS of Bradford (Vol 23 No 1), have to say on the delectable subject of women's feet.

It is a fact that very few glamour models pose barefoot, even in *Mayfair*. Also, while we often see close-up shots of boobs, bottoms and pubes, we never get close-ups of a model's feet, either shod or bare.

In contrast, it is interesting to note that TV advertisements place much more emphasis on the female foot.

At the moment, I estimate about 34 ads for different products appear, acknowledging the value and beauty of women's feet. Could it be that the advertising agencies recognise something which the majority of mens magazines have, so far, failed to see?

JH, Brightlingsea

Mud, glorious mud

If there is anything that turns me on, it is the 'wet look', so gorgeously displayed by Jacqui Bell and Celia (Vol 23 No 2). Also what made my heart thump was the picture of the women mud-wrestling in 'Scene from *Mayfair*', all of which reminded me of the mud-wrestling and underwater 'activities' we enjoy on some of the few hot days in summer.

On one such day last year, four of us made our way out across the mud-flats, near here, to one of the gullies where the mud on each side was very deep. Susan (name changed) fell over it and we all laughed. Lisa (name changed) then pushed me in and Eddie (name changed) slid down the bank on top of all three of us as we lay there floundering. We were completely covered in a matter of seconds, heads and all. The mud was warm in the hot sunshine and extremely slippery, making it almost impossible to keep our swimwear on.

Being quite a distance out from the beach, it was suggested we may as well strip off down in the gully and put our things somewhere safe before they got lost in the mud (remembering we still had to walk back afterwards).

We then resumed our orgy of fun,

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of *Mayfair*. Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.

Write to 'Letters', *Mayfair* Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

mostly with the two girls laying into Eddie and myself, slithering and sliding around over each other, half submerged in the soft sensuous mud, unable to get a proper grip amidst a tangle of arms, legs and writhing bodies. By now we were really getting turned on, but the tide was already filling the gully. As it rose, we slid down into the cooler, clearer water nearer the middle. We were soon clean again.

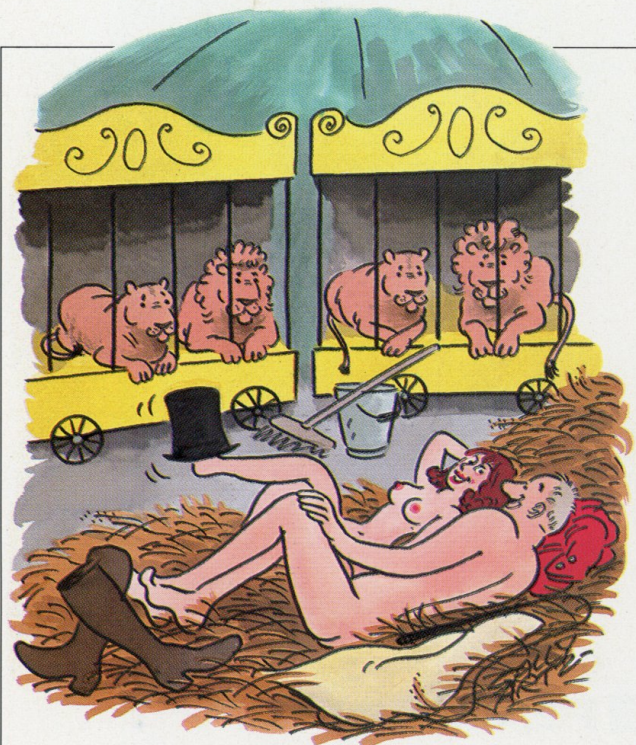
Here, we could only just stand up. Susan and I put our arms round each other, as did Eddie and Lisa. With her breasts pressed firmly against my body and our legs entwined, we rolled over and over each other under the water, engaged in a tight bear hug. We did this several times, it was a wonderful feeling. Tired, but relaxed, it was time to pick up our things and push back to the beach, as the tide was now almost across the mud-flats. Mud-wrestling has a surprisingly wide appeal once the idea catches on, either for light entertainment played to the rule book, as in your feature, or, of course, in the more intimate side that we're into. It's certainly a smashing way to let one's hair down.

MS, Leigh-on-Sea

Knicker knocker

Lorna Mayfield, the lingerie saleswoman (Vol 23 No 1), is the loveliest girl I have seen in the magazine for many months. I think, however, her comment in referring to her *Mayfair* debut that 'I thought it was only fair to let all the boys see what they've been missing,' could have been more amply demonstrated if her poses had been a bit more revealing. In particular, the photo at the top of page 24 where Lorna was lying on a couch wearing only a suspender belt and blue stockings would have been that much more exciting if her legs had been open. And although the knickers that she was wearing on the cover of *Mayfair* came down a couple of shots later in her set, it was a shame she didn't take

turn to page 8



'You showmen! Always needing an audience to bring out your best performance!'

LETTERS

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them down before posing for the otherwise superb, almost full-page, rear view of her at the beginning of the set.

Improvements such as these would have given the boys even more of a chance to see what they've been missing!

Nevertheless, Lorna did look extremely attractive and appealing in her four completely nude poses. Still, it's great to see a pretty girl like Lorna stripping off as a change from the more outwardly sexy types, and long may pretty girls continue to be featured.

JD, Sheffield

Certainly, we find lots of pretty girls. But when they pose we prefer to leave something to the imagination.

Student power

As loyal readers of your superb magazine, we have a request to make. Some of the most interesting pictures you print are quite small. For example, when you featured Nina Larsen (Vol 22 No 6) there was a picture of her squatting with her nice white boots on. From the 50 students of the first grade of Chemics, we ask you, with the greatest respect, to have Nina returned as soon as possible as centre-girl and reprint this little picture of her — only much larger. *P Vercauteren, University of Chemics, Antwerp*

You asked us to experiment and here's our retort — not one but two large pictures of test-tube baby' Nina in her white boots. Any more Mayfair reading in class, and they'll get the Bromide out!



First bike ride

I have recently bought a motorcycle and decided to take it down to the beach nearby where a local rock 'n' roll station was sponsoring a fireworks display. I packed my stuff and took off in the early morning. This was the first time I had been on a bike at the beach and didn't expect the reception that awaited me.

The girls on the beach that weekend were incredible and I loved it when they started to ask me for rides. I was cruising behind this stunning brunette, watching her gorgeous bottom, which was barely concealed in her white, French-cut bikini and as I rode by, I heard, 'I wanna ride'. I couldn't believe it.

She jumped on and we cruised around a while. I bought her some lunch and then she gave me directions to a quiet spot she knew. She then told me I was welcome to



stay the night with her, but I had to prove myself first. She started to dismount so I followed her cue but then she gestured to me to stay on. She walked round in front of me and swung her legs over the bike — only this time she was facing me. The next thing I knew was that she had locked her legs around my waist and began kissing me, attacking me with her tongue, pulling me to her.

I began to untie her top and caught her breasts as they sprang out from underneath. She had a body worthy of a *Mayfair* 'Girl of the Month'. I dragged my tongue down her neck, leaning her backwards on the bike as I sucked her nipples furiously. They must have been super-sensitive because she was running her fingers through my hair wildly and purring like a kitten.

Her reactions gave me the biggest hard on of my life, so that I began to worry about coming too quickly. She helped me take the bottom of her bikini off. I lifted her hips and ran a finger softly down her moist pussy. As I bent over and nibbled her clit, her legs thrashed out wildly. This had me darting my tongue back and forth, all the while having to put my foot down on the ground to keep the bike from falling over as she bucked and heaved. Her moaning was driving me crazy and I couldn't wait to get inside her. She pulled me to her, kissed me, and wrapped her feet around me, guiding my cock into her pussy. I grabbed her hips and slipped the head in.

Then, as I cupped her bottom with my hands, I slid my entire length inside her. She let out an 'Ohhhhh' and began to move her hips back and forth. I bent over to suck her trembling breasts. Seconds later, I felt her tense as she came, slipping around in her own juices on the plastic seat cover. I pulled out. She wrapped her arms around me and tenderly kissed my shoulders and lips, sucking on my tongue. Her hazel eyes met mine and she stopped kissing me. She told me she had always wanted to make love on a motorcycle. It was the first time I had ever done it on a bike too. It was a great turn on for me.

A few moments of relaxation enabled us to collect our wits and rearrange our clothing. We then rode back to her place to fulfill the promise she made to me: I'd tell you what happened, but it's time to hit the road again.

RC, Diss

Long hot summer

I am a Canadian girl and I had spent my summer working as a waitress in a small tourist town

near an army training base. You can guess then how my nights (and days!) were spent. I went to that town a virgin and left knowing enough to write a book. Those British soldiers gave more to me than a lifetime of Dr Ruth could ever do. Then the idea hit me. How better to thank them than write my story as a tribute to them.

In the interview for the job, the boss warned me that the bar would fill up with army boys and that they tended to get quite rowdy, with women being especially vulnerable.

On my first night, I had more pinching and slapping of my bum than I could handle; I almost walked out. On the second night, I learned to put up with it and even to enjoy it. That night one man in particular bothered me. He never touched me or spoke a word but his eyes just went through me, following me everywhere. He was definitely the most sexually attractive man I had ever seen. He was about five foot ten, with broad shoulders, a firm chest, small waist, perfectly rounded bum and incredible thighs. His hair was black and the deepest blue eyes that made you want to take him straight to bed. Although quite attractive, I just had never found anyone with whom I wanted to have sex — until I saw Dave. I asked his name and, for the rest of the night, made a point of having physical contact with him. A mild brush of my nipples against his chest, my hands sliding across his ever-growing bulge or a pinch on the ass.

We met in the park after my shift. He led me to the farthest end and lowered me on the ground. His hands firmly grasping my ass, he pressed my mound against him. The sheer feel of his bulge made me moan. I ran my tongue from his ear down his chest and over his bulge. Even through his jeans, the feel of it made him hot and groan with pleasure. He stripped me of my clothes and ran his tongue over every available piece of flesh. His tongue started from the top of my mound and left a burning trail to the centre of my pussy.

My juices were flowing and I ached for him to take me. I wanted to feel every inch of him inside me. His fingers thrust into me, his thumb on my clit, back and forth until my entire body shook from the feel of it. I opened my legs and with one thrust he entered me. I gave a small cry of pain but with every stroke, my hips rose to his. We climaxed together and spent that entire night in the park. For his weeks stay, we played teacher and student. I was eager and willing to learn everything new.

The soldiers always came and went

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LETTERS

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but I never spent a night alone. I taught and was taught. Even now I see an occasional soldier and every time my knees go weak and my pussy becomes wet from yearning. I shall never forget that summer PS, Canada

Seize the moral ground

Many of your readers have expressed alarm at the current puritanical trends from all sides of the House of Commons and from many elements in the Christian church. I can offer no explanation as regards the politicians, for I am not a clinical psychiatrist. However, as regards the church, here goes.

Many Christians find the idea that they are alone before God to be an alarming one, so they reject it and seek comfort by running with the mob. They can obtain what Dietrich Bonhoeffer called 'Cheap Grace', by following some fierce crusade.

It is because we have over 100,000 homeless, and three or five million

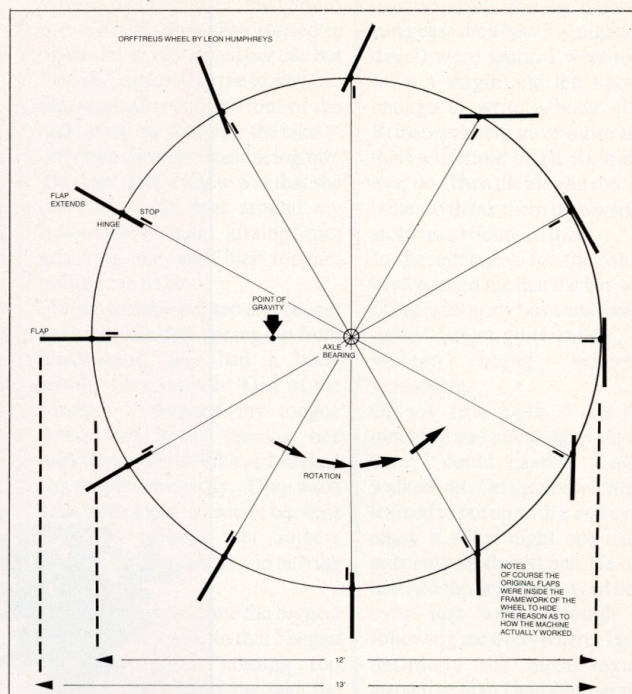
unemployed (depending on whom you believe), that we have this anti-homosexual, anti-erotica backlash. They attack sexy pictures because it makes them feel like saints while they drive expensive cars past ragged folk, or eat large dinners after switching off Michael Burke's latest report from Africa. I enjoy sexy pictures, I enjoy *Mayfair*, but this doesn't make me a less moral creature than a cabinet minister. I enjoy what seems like pornography to some, but it wasn't me who left a 40-year-old woman, whom I professed to love, to bring up a handicapped daughter on her own. Let's assert the fact that we are no worse than many of our detractors. The moral ground can be ours, let's seize it before God notices the stink of hypocrisy and injustice.

MS, Shefford

How it works

Having read your article concerning Orffreus and his perpetual-motion machine (*The Best of Mayfair No 7*) I thought that you might be interested in discovering how it works.

It was a very simple machine, based on simple 'laws' (the



Fulcrum Principle) and a moving point of gravity. The pendulum in fact acts as a governor, but within the framework of the wheel are hinged weighted flaps, which swing outwards on the downward cycle of the wheel and swing in on the upward part of the cycle. The amount of power taken out depends on the weight of the 'flaps' and the rigidity of the structure. I

have not made one of these machines but found out how it worked a few years ago. This simplified diagram explains more fully the principle of the operation. L Humphreys, Timworth

A fascinating explanation as to why the wheel turned for so long — but it still isn't perpetual motion.

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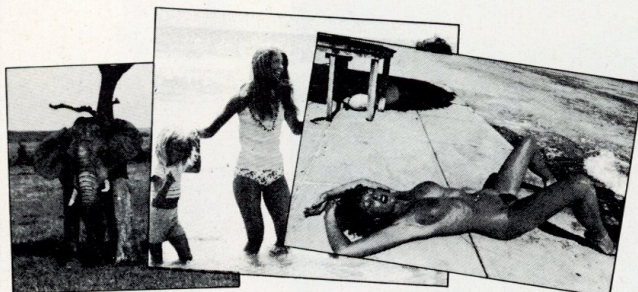


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LETTERS

continued from page 110

Sex with no secrets

My wife and I enjoy the benefits of an 'open marriage' and perhaps others have considered the possibility, but have not yet made a decision to do likewise. It may be that we have thought out some of the problems they are struggling with.

We are both sensible, caring and responsible people and have professional careers — and we enjoy a stable, happy marriage. However, we do not regard each other as the exclusive possession of the other. We have found that if we have sexual freedom, all it does is to add to our lives.

The fact that we have an open marriage does not mean that we don't care about each other. Quite the reverse. There is a strong and lasting love and absolute loyalty between us, and of course, no secrets. For us, sexual freedom, handled responsibly is a plus to our relationship.

The key in all of this is honesty. We don't cheat on each other, since the relationship is based on honesty, both about our feelings

and actions. It is lies and dishonesty that will cause the breakdown of a partnership, not honesty.

We enjoy a world where we can fancy, and even love and care about another person, without the usual feelings of guilt. We have found that both our lives are more fulfilled by having our kind of relationship. We give and receive the gentleness and understanding you would expect from a happy and lasting relationship. At the same time, we do not have to go without the fizz and excitement of a new relationship. Our's is richer as a result of this, as innermost feelings are not denied, and we can feel 'at home' totally with each other, precisely because those feelings are understood and reciprocated.

SP, Suffolk

Wales vs Scotland

Last night was absolutely incredible. I was in Cardiff with my boss, mixing business with 'pleasure' (we were provided with tickets for the Scotland vs Wales rugby match at Cardiff Arms Park by our clients). It was the night after the match that the real

pleasure began, especially as Wales had beaten us 25-20.

My boss is fiercely proud of his heritage. In other words, he wore his kilt in Cardiff for the three whole days of our stay. Ordinarily he is the type of bloke girls don't ask what he's got under his kilt!

However, Saturday might give him a different outlook. It was 12pm and we were shattered. He had a stern look on his face as we entered the lift in our hotel. We were joined by two young ladies, obviously celebrating a Welsh victory. Both were dark-haired, well-rounded but with a voluptuousness that could knock you out!

They were giggly and I knew what they were going to ask, but they seemed to chicken out. How wrong I was. One of them suddenly said, 'Is it true what they say?' and before anyone could answer, she'd yanked up my boss's kilt. We all got an eyeful and I'm not surprised the girls squealed with delight. My boss has got a cock that must be a good 12 inches! The stern face my boss had entered the lift with disappeared as the girls followed up the initial bold move. The one took my boss in hand and her friend focussed her attention on me, I'm glad to say. I had been forced to wear my kilt and thank God I didn't put on anything underneath! I'm not as big as my

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.

boss but I reckon I manage OK.

My boss produced his room key and invited us all in. We thoroughly enjoyed what was to come, as did the girls, and I must admit, I loved the sight of their wonderful bodies bouncing heartily up and down on my boss's mammoth cock. The lucky bastard had, at one point, both on him — one on his dick, the other on his face. I managed to fulfill a fantasy — fucking a girl from behind while she sucked a bloke off — ecstasy! The poor result of the match was more than compensated for by this Wales vs Scotland win, thanks mainly to my boss who managed to stay erect long enough to give the two girls a really good going over! Whenever my boss wears his kilt again in the company of tipsy girls I shall be at his side.

DH, Edinburgh

CAZ

IT'S SPRING GERALD!
BREATHE IT IN!



THAT'S NATURE
RE-AWAKENING!



WHY DOESN'T IT MOVE
YOU GERALD?



IT DOES.



HUH! NATURE RE-AWAKENING
MOVES YOU ABOUT AS MUCH
AS....



ALRIGHT GERALD, ALRIGHT!
POINT TAKEN! POINT TAKEN!



SCENE FROM MAYFAIR

Whittaker's world

Two of the biggest things on the Page Three scene at the moment are 19-year-old Maria Whittaker. Although 38DD Maria has yet to win the P3 Girl of the Year title — Linda Lusardi was out in front this year, and Sam breasted the tape first the year before — she has been second twice. So why not publish her autobiography? Because she hadn't done anything some of you cynics may reply. Nonsense! She has appeared on the Jonathan Ross chat show, that merits a chapter in itself — and gets it! She has also gone to discos with the likes of boxer Lloyd Honeyghan, *East-ender* Nick Berry, and Radio One medallion man Gary Davies. Wow! If you're sure you're ready to read about this sort of jet-setting lifestyle, you now can, but it won't take long. Entitled *Maria!* and published by Star books, price £2.99, the 132-page autobiography (written with the help of Madeleine Pallas) will only while away a short bus ride or the wait for a relatively punctual train. The best story concerns a Scottish personal appearance, where she

was obliged to stay in a flat occupied the previous night by Billy Conolly. However on lifting the duvet, she found the Big Yin had left an unintentional welcoming present. The bed was still sprinkled with pubic hairs. So now we know where to find his bald spot! Anyway, this rivetting insight into the life of a teenage topless model is packed with lots of black and white, and a few colour pictures of her doing everything from the splits to kissing her best friend Joey (a budgie). A must for Maria-mad men everywhere, but anyone else might just as well read about her antics in *The Sun*.

Who saved the knackered Packard?

Following our feature last month on those luxurious limousines from Packard, we've had several

enquiries from readers wanting to know where they can go to see these and other perfectly preserved American gas-guzzlers. One answer, and indeed the home of the white Packard tourer pictured on the bottom of page 33 of Vol 23 No 3, is the Sparkford Motor Museum. Situated in the village of Sparkford in Somerset (about six miles the other side of Wincanton), the museum exhibits around 90 cars built anywhere between the 1890s and the 1980s. As well as the Packard, you'll find a rare 1936 Ford, and a 1917 Haynes Light 12 tourer which according to one member of the museum staff, 'goes like shit off a hot shovel' (a technical term, we gather). For those with more traditional tastes, there's also a 1929 3½-litre Bentley and a range of Jaguars, and since the museum has close links with Haynes Publishing (the people who produce those DIY

motor manuals), all work, though some they admit won't go very far. The museum is open seven days a week and admission is £1.50 for adults with reductions for children and OAPs. And if you see a chap trying frantically to photograph them all, it's probably *Mayfair* motoring photographer, Andrew Morland, who only lives up the road. In that case, why are his expenses bills so large?

Tat for tits

Tackiest piece of equipment for your holidays we've seen was brought back from Torremolinos by one of our models. Called *Top Stickers*, they consist of two heart-shaped pieces of sticky-backed paper intended to prevent them from burning during topless sunbathing sessions. Decorated with a pale purple pattern they are easy to use, as the instructions show.

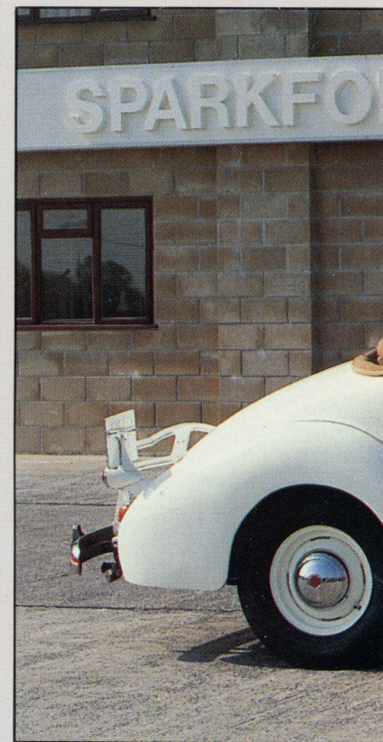
'Top Stickers are simple and their adherence is the right one, and their final adaptation to the bosom is outstanding. Detach the lower part of the Top Stickers and begin to place from down to up, adjusting the protector paper and press the sticker at the same time for perfect adaptation. Also clean and slein surface (sic) with a cotton wool soaked in alcohol. Top Stickers are of excellent quality and manufactured under severe control.' Don't leave home without them.

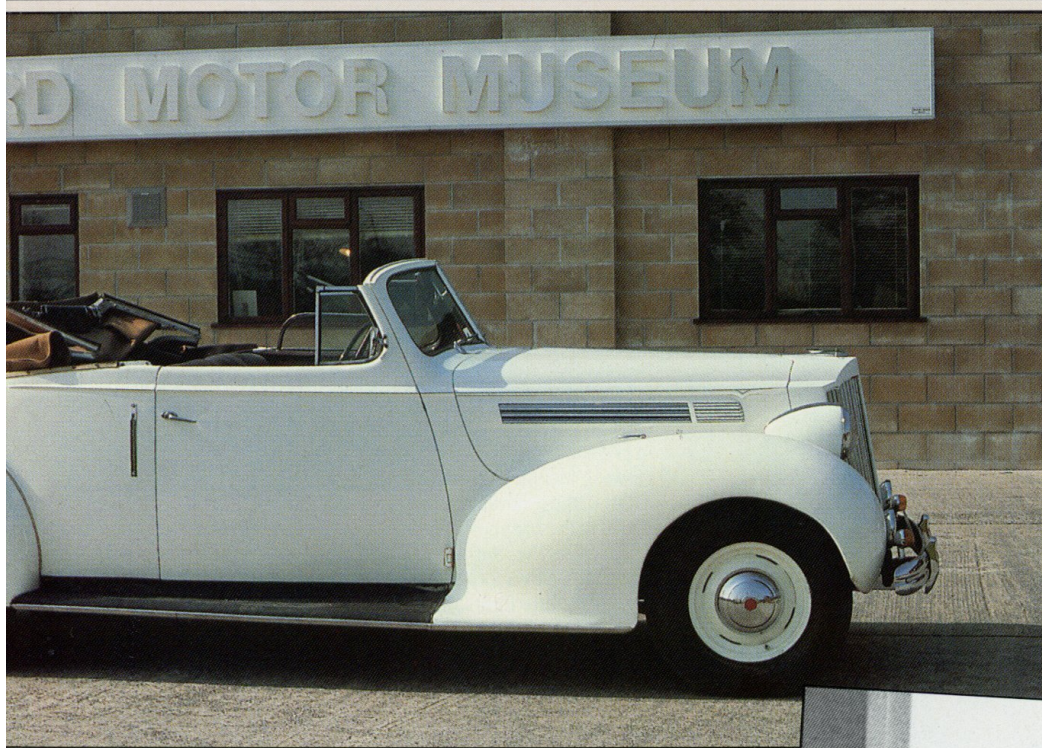
CD but safe

So you're driving along the motorway at 70 mph (honest, officer) and the cassette finishes. What follows next is a lethal juggling act as you try to insert a



**FAVOURITE
PAGE THREE
MODEL
MARIA
WHITTAKER,
IS AT THE
PEAK OF HER
PROFESSION.
IN ADDITION
TO HER PAGE
3 WORK AND
POP ASSIGN-
MENTS, SHE
HAD JUST
PRODUCED
HER AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY
CALLED
MARIA!**





A STAR CAR OF THE SPARKFORD MOTOR MUSEUM IS THIS 16TH SERIES PACKARD 8 ROADSTER 120 CONVERTIBLE. IT'S JUST ONE OF A HOST OF HIGHLY DESIRABLE VEHICLES IN THE SOMERSET COLLECTION — AND THEY ALL WORK

new tape one-handed whilst peering over the dashboard to steer clear of three-ton Ford Cargo drivers who've seen too many Burt Reynolds movies. Even for the ambidextrous, it's a nightmare, but now thanks to the compact disc machine, you don't have to have Paul Daniel's sleight of hand to keep the music playing. Pioneer have launched a multi-play CD machine combined with cassette deck and tuner which can play selections from six discs without any awkward groping. The cassette and tuner are mounted on the dash as usual along with the controls for the six disc CD player, which is actually housed in the boot. The way the signal is transferred is simplicity itself — to a computer scientist — but to the likes of us, suffice it to say that you can now pre-select up to 32 tracks per magazine from any of 16 of the magazines, which adds up to enough music to last all the way through the contraflow at Northampton. What's more you can quickly transfer music from your domestic CD player to your in-car one by simply pressing one button on your home hi-fi's remote control. The in-car unit from Pioneer costs nearly £900 in total, but that's a damned sight cheaper than crossing the central reservation whilst trying to swap over your Dire Straits cassettes. Details from Pioneer on 01 575 311.

Self starters?

Spotted on a recent journey to the south west of England... Just outside of Southampton there's a small engineering firm with a decidedly unfortunate biblical connections. Its name? Onan Generators. They're hand cranked, we assume...

Films

Gerald Cole

The useful thing about the art movie is that whatever it might lack in gloss, narrative drive, or anything that marks an unashamedly commercial feature, it can often make up for in explicitness. Take, for example, **A Flame in My Heart** (18). It's in black and white and French (with subtitles), and the background music is a classy piece of Bach, all hallmarks of high cinematic culture. But the heroine of the piece, Mercedes (Myriam Mezieres) also happens to spend a good half of the film completely naked, either doing an impromptu striptease for her macho Arab boyfriend (Aziz Kabouche), copulating enthusiastically with him or the sympathetic but wimpish journalist (Benoit Regent)

she picks up on the *Metro*, stripping again and apeing intercourse with a large, stuffed ape at a fairground peepshow, or simply masturbating herself lengthily to orgasm while sprawling full frontal to the camera.

Mercedes, it seems, is obsessed by the need for love, preferably of the most physical kind: she's not so much a girl who can't say no as one who positively says *please*.

'There's a gap in the cinema,' says Mlle Meziere, who wrote as well as starred in the film, 'between love scenes done with good taste and those done with the cold naturalism you find in porno movies. I wanted to see if I could show something different... love scenes done with joy — and by that I don't mean exhibitionism.'

She might not mean it, but that's precisely what we get — in fact, a kind of hymn to female exhibitionism of the most blatant



ACTRESS MYRIAM MEZIERES (MERCEDES) SEEMS TO SPEND A GOOD HALF OF THE FILM **A FLAME IN MY HEART** NAKED, EITHER DOING A STRIP-TEASE OR COPULATING ENTHUSIASTICALLY

SCENE FROM MAYFAIR



MEET A STAR WITHOUT A HEAD HE'S THE ANDROID IN *MAKING MR RIGHT* AND WHEN HIS HEAD IS FINALLY FIXED HE BECOMES WHAT IS PROBABLY THE SCREEN'S FIRST WALKING, TALKING DILDO. IN FACT HE'S A SORT OF NASA SEX ROCKET WHO GOES OFF COURSE

kind, and highly erotic it is too. But spare a moment for the performance of M Regent as a man plainly knocked sideways by the sexual tigress he finds has crawled into his bed. We should all be so lucky.

Its fascinating to think what Mercedes would make of Ulysses (John Malkovich), the hero of *Making Mr Right* (15), and arguably the screen's first walking, talking dildo. Ulysses is, in fact, an android developed to man a NASA probe on a seven-year mission into deep space. Though an exact duplicate of his creator Dr Peters (also John Malkovich), he's designed to be a perfect, passionless observer, with no need for any social graces. But when his manufacturer, fearful of losing government funding, decides to give him a higher public profile by calling in bright, sexy PR lady Frankie Stone (Ann

Magnuson), whose love life is a mess, Ulysses gets a crash course in human emotion. Soon he's escaped from the laboratory and is being seduced by Frankie's estranged, sex-mad best friend Trish (Glenn Headly) — a process that causes him to blow a fuse and his head to reverse on his shoulders, something that understandably disconcerts his bedroom partner who has no idea of his real nature. A funny, fast-moving, entertaining fantasy.

Travel

Ian Marlowe

A holiday for many people begins north of Inverness, capital of the Highlands. I headed out of Inverness Airport north west to

Ullapool, en route to Sutherland, the British mainland's far country to try some of the eating places up north for a change.

Ullapool, with its peat fires and duologue of Gallic and English place street names, is the sea village most of us seek but seldom see. I stayed the night at a hotel owned by an actor. The food was all right, but the entire establishment was heavily 'papered' with CND pamphlets on a table in the reception area, and the soap in the bathrooms made without animal fat. Dinner was not very exciting. Undercooked vegetables, unimaginative presentation.

The following morning I got up at daybreak — in these northern parts around 3.30 in the summertime — and drove over the Sutherland border. I pulled up by a loch where a warm sign and the lights of the little *Kylesku Hotel* (Tel: 097183 231/200) gleamed a welcome. I watched the seals playing in the loch as the *Madonna* (the hotel boat) pop-popped to the tiny jetty with the day's catch of prawn, crab and lobster. I stayed! Bed and breakfast was £12 a night, and dinner £9.50. It consisted of fresh crab and sea bass, or unsullied scallops, with a flinty *Fume Blanc*, or the Highlanders dash of whisky to sauce the fish flesh. That night there was a Hot Toddy and an open fire in the cosy bedroom. And serenity. The particular sort you get when driving a single track road past miles and miles of loch and mountain.

Some 675 miles and 12½ hours driving time from London is Britain's most north westerly hotel, the *Cape Wrath*, owned by Mr and Mrs Watson (Tel: 097181 274). Here bed and breakfast is £19.80, dinner £8.25, sheer value for money. Menus from simple Highland fare to *haute cuisine* are based mainly on fresh local foods such as salmon, trout, sea fish, lobster, grouse, and of course, venison. 'All cooked to perfection', notes Mr Watson, adding that their flavour will satisfy the most discerning palate. Breakfast is a feast of freshness. Eggs, kippers, kedgerree, porridge, and innumerable cups of tea. Lunch is taken on the move (usually hotel packed sandwiches) or while fishing on the Dionard (£15 per rod per day). Other rivers cost £10, the Kyle of Durness £8 and the lochs £6.50. I had the sweetest venison for dinner, with redcurrant sauce, and vegetables from the hotel's garden. There was a decent half of Beaujolais (£3) on the wine list, too, and the next morning I was up early, with most of the other guests to join the hotel minibus for the short ferry across the waters to Cape Wrath lighthouse.

IAN MARLOWE ON HIS TRAVELS IN SCOTLAND DID NOT COME UP WITH ANY SIGHTING LIKE THIS. CARRIE'S MEETING WITH THE LOCH NESS MONSTER WAS POPULAR WITH READERS UNTIL SOME-ONE POINTED OUT THAT CARRIE IN THE LAST FRAME WAS ARRESTED BY A LONDON POLICEMAN! APOLOGIES TO THE MONSTER AND THE 'MET'



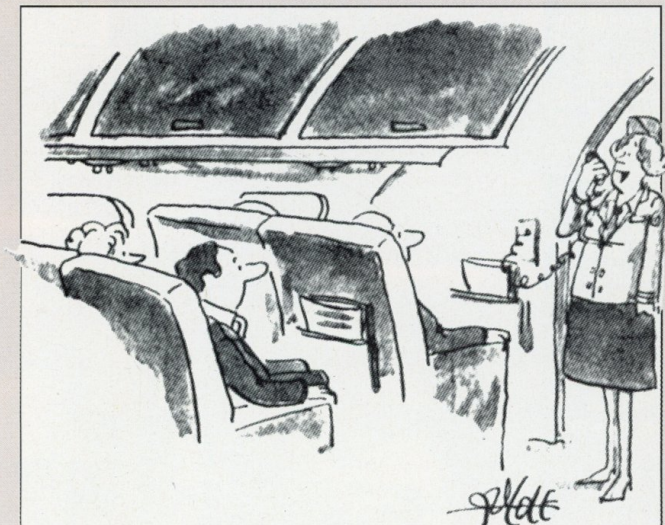
Upwards and onwards across the roof of Britain to Tongue and the Gothic architecture of *The Tongue Hotel* (Tel: 084755 206/7), owned by Mr and Mrs Robertson. Another fishing nirvana with four close-at-hand lochs. 'Kyle' means peninsula, and looking northwards there is safe sea bathing off Farr beach and a magnificent view of Ben Loyal and its five peaks. This is bird-watching, hill walking country, the visitor will find *Clo Mor* the highest cliffs on the British mainland with its colony of puffins. Dinner was a memorable evening of quietude, helped before and afterwards by the father of the house, 'Robbie' Senior, full kilted, with a battery of single malts at the ready. It was an evening for à la carte. Locally caught smoked salmon (£4.95), prawns (£4.50), another local dish, on lettuce, garnished with garlic mayonnaise were two of the many starred house recommendations. I also enjoyed the *Avocado Cloichfoldich* (£2.95), which had sliced avocado with mozzarella, tomato and a very good vinaigrette dressing. The recipe was donated by the McNeill family of Cloichfoldich. Another time I might ponder the *Cullen Skink* soup (£1.95), smoked fish and potatoes with cream. It was tough to turn down the *tournedos Alexander* (£10.45) stuffed with stilton with a



port finish, the *Medallions of Venison* (£8.35) and the individual game pie of rabbit, grouse and venison, braised in red wine with mushrooms and onion (£7.25), but the call to water was overpowering. I settled for lobster Hebridean (£13.40), cooked with Drambuie in a cheese sauce — delicious. I hadn't time to stay on, otherwise I would have opted for the Chillies trout (£7.25) in lemon juice and butter, or the pan-fried Salmon Steak à la Robertson (£9.95) in pepper, herbs, butter, cream and a wine sauce. Finally, to the first or last hotel on the British mainland, *John O'Groats House*, owned by Mr and Mrs Duncan MacLeod (Tel:

095581 203/321). It was a wet, drizzly day. The photographer outside, a Cornishman of all people, can't get anyone to pose under his various signs. Never mind, there's motor rail to Inverness, Wick airport, and twice daily ferries to the Orkneys. The hotel was built 100 years ago. Stout, Victorian, and really inexpensive. Bed and breakfast is only £11, dinner à la carte. Fresh local crab salad £2, a grilled sirloin for £6, roast pork and apple sauce for £5.50 — and golf at Reiss is free to guests staying more than a night. What a shame to return.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.



'There'll be a slight delay — the captain got on the wrong aeroplane'.

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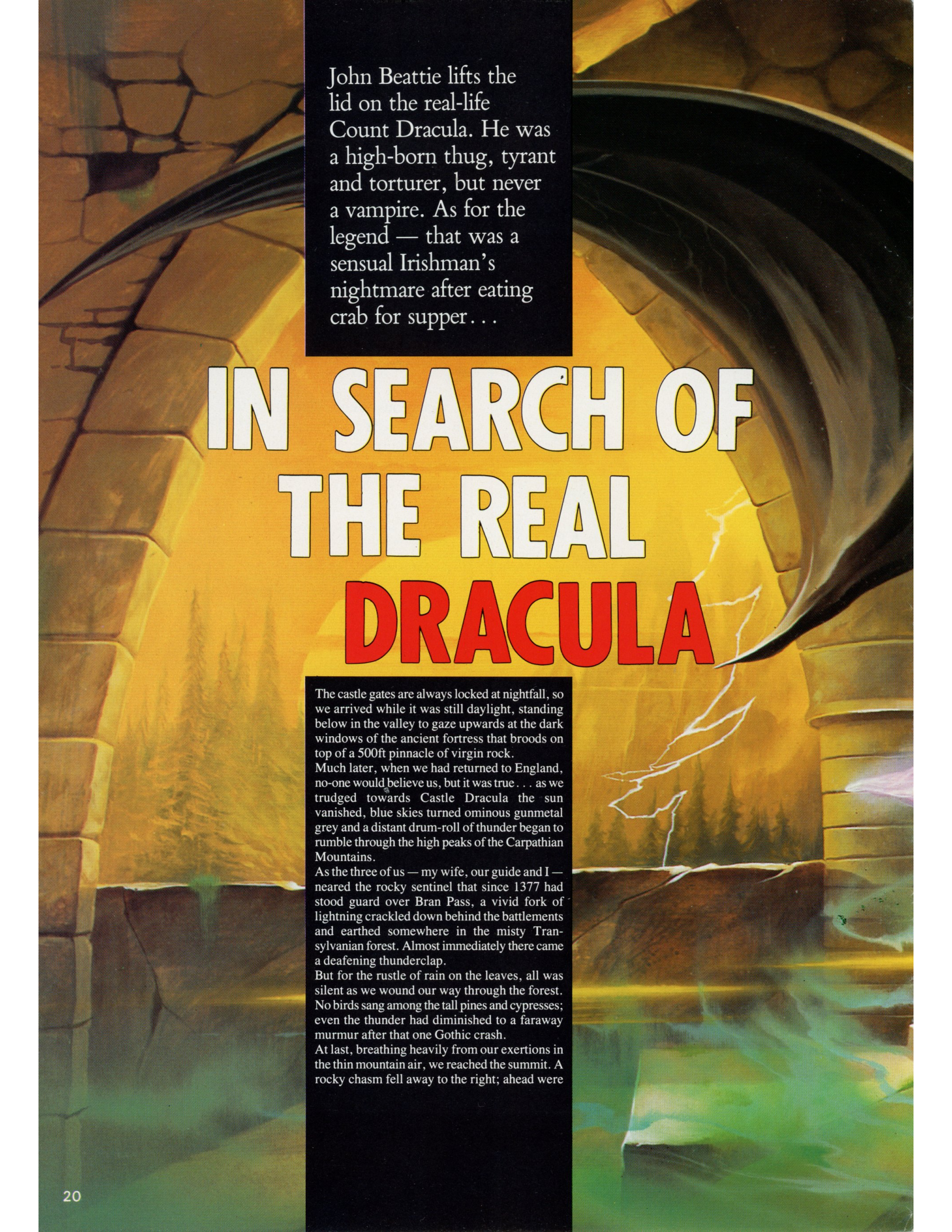
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John Beattie lifts the lid on the real-life Count Dracula. He was a high-born thug, tyrant and torturer, but never a vampire. As for the legend — that was a sensual Irishman's nightmare after eating crab for supper...

IN SEARCH OF THE REAL DRACULA

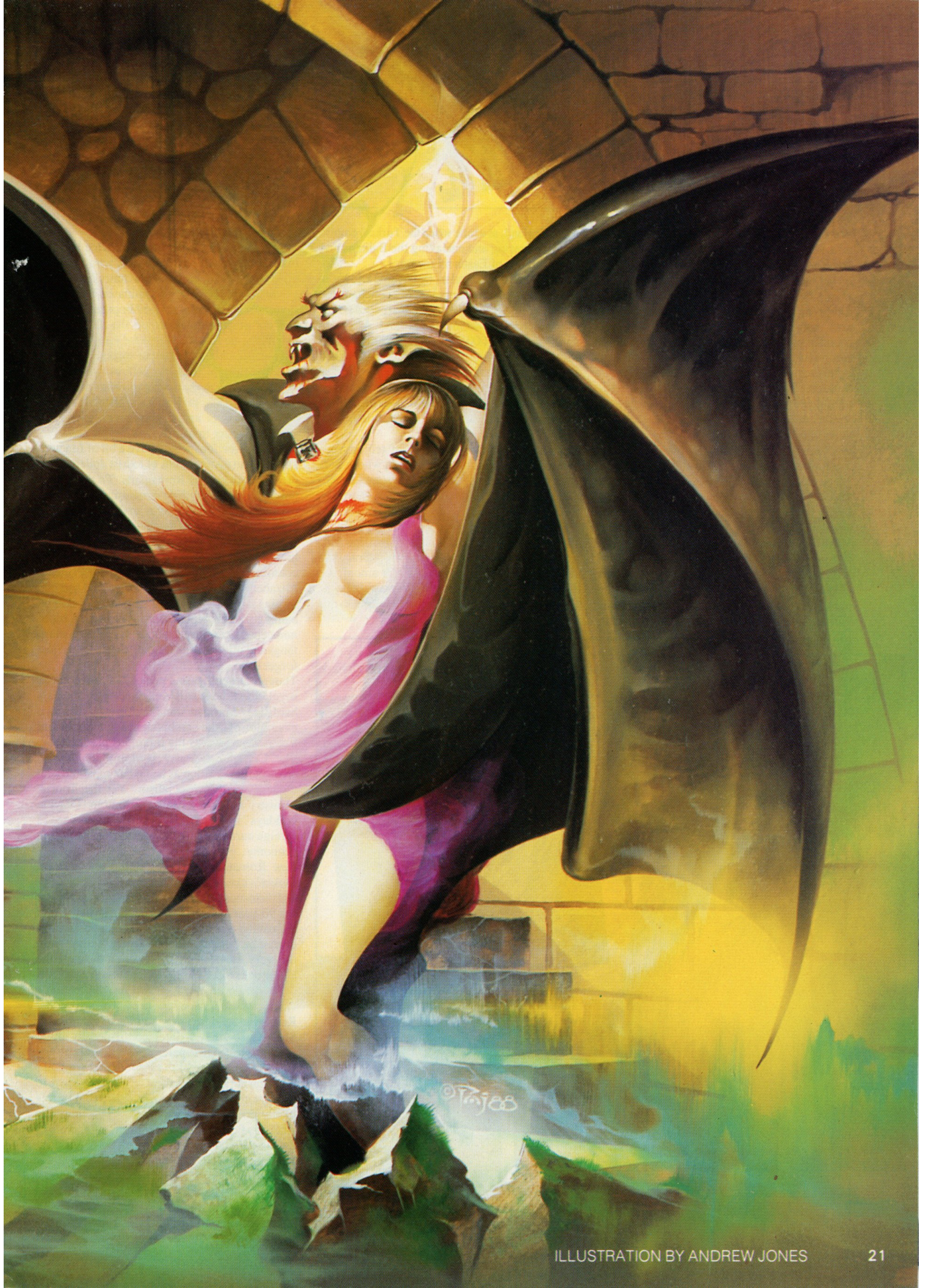
The castle gates are always locked at nightfall, so we arrived while it was still daylight, standing below in the valley to gaze upwards at the dark windows of the ancient fortress that broods on top of a 500ft pinnacle of virgin rock.

Much later, when we had returned to England, no-one would believe us, but it was true... as we trudged towards Castle Dracula the sun vanished, blue skies turned ominous gunmetal grey and a distant drum-roll of thunder began to rumble through the high peaks of the Carpathian Mountains.

As the three of us — my wife, our guide and I — neared the rocky sentinel that since 1377 had stood guard over Bran Pass, a vivid fork of lightning crackled down behind the battlements and earthed somewhere in the misty Transylvanian forest. Almost immediately there came a deafening thunderclap.

But for the rustle of rain on the leaves, all was silent as we wound our way through the forest. No birds sang among the tall pines and cypresses; even the thunder had diminished to a faraway murmur after that one Gothic crash.

At last, breathing heavily from our exertions in the thin mountain air, we reached the summit. A rocky chasm fell away to the right; ahead were



30 stone steps, weathered and worn, leading upwards to the massive iron-studded oak door. Three inches thick and scabbed with age, it swung open at my touch. With eerie inevitability its hinges creaked loudly as, our long journey over, we stepped over the threshold into the gloom and mustiness of Castle Dracula. In Jonathan Harker's *Journal*, Bram Stoker's hero describes his own arrival thus: *'Suddenly I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in a courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.'*

There is a courtyard at Bran Castle, a shadowy area with cobblestones and an old well, surrounded by ivy-clad arches and alcoves, but no coachman could drive his team up those 30 steps or through the narrow archway that leads up to it. But then the imaginative Stoker (1847-1912), a Dubliner who was touring manager to the great Victorian actor Sir Henry Irving, took tremendous liberties with history when he wrote his best-seller *'Dracula'* in 1897.

To those, like me, raised on a diet of Hammer horror films, it comes as something of a surprise to discover that Transylvania — the Land Beyond the Forest — actually exists and that Dracula was a real person. He was not a Count, but a Prince, Vlad Tepes, also known as Dracula (*'Devil'*), a title he inherited from his father. His own title, Tepes, means *'The Impaler'*. He ruled Walachia, the southern region of Romania where the present-day capital of Bucharest is situated, in the 15th century. He was a contemporary of Henry



VI of England, at a time when the Turkish empire was conquering and enslaving the Balkans and other regions of Eastern Europe.

A cruel and ruthless ruler, he became known as Vlad the Impaler because of his penchant for slaughtering his enemies on the sharpened points of wooden stakes set into the ground. After one great battle, 100,000 Turkish prisoners perished in this grisly fashion. It is said that Vlad watched their agonised death-throes with keen interest as he ate his evening meal. It is not hard to see where the bearded Irishman found his inspiration for the approved method of euthanasia for the Undead...

But, as Romanians never tire of telling you, Dracula was no vampire. The man whose portrait shows more than a passing resemblance to Christopher Lee remains unshakably mortal — a revered national hero who devoted his life to fighting the Turkish invaders and who, employing his own barbaric methods of Christian Aid, kept the country for Christianity. Dracula's legacy to Romania remains; alone among the Communist countries of the Warsaw Pact, its people enjoy a genuine religious freedom to this day.

He was born in 1430 in the ancient Transylvanian town of Sighisoara in a house which still stands on the corner of Cositori Street and Cetatti Street inside the mediaeval defensive walls... a warren of narrow, cobbled alleyways, overhanging eaves and shuttered windows that could have come straight from the set of a Gothic horror movie. An old stone plaque on the wall bears the Dracula name in memory of his father — *'a righteous and undefeatable man, the mightiest and bravest in battle.'*

Today, Dracula's birthplace is a wine bar and restaurant, popular with tourists who travel in their thousands on *'Dracula tours'* of Transylvania. Its hallway is dominated by a huge stone bust of the moustachioed Impaler, but there are no other reminders of the Dracula of legend... no Bloody Marys for sale, no menus with excruciating puns about steaks. The walls are innocent of pictures of vampires, werewolves or witches and, as the manager told us woodenly after one glance at Rodiga's official Tourist Ministry badge, any dealings with garlic are purely culinary in nature.

Most other nations would have a bit of fun with Dracula and earn millions of tourist dollars in the process, but not the Romanians. To them he is not negotiable and they remain incredibly pofaced about him, clinging with doctrinal zeal to pure historical fact. They even become uneasy when irreverent Brits make feeble jokes about him. They'll throw the ghoulish a crumb by recounting the legend of the ghastly Princess Elizabeth who lived 100 years later and had 600 virgins killed so she could beautify her skin by bathing in their blood. But if you want a bit of innocent razzamatazz about vampires, sharp fangs and milky-white virgins' throats, then just forget it.

Though Dracula was a prince, an aristocrat of royal blood, he is still venerated by Romania's hard-line Marxist dictatorship — just one example of the ambivalence of President Ceausescu towards his infamous predecessor. The Communist Party is doing its best to eradicate superstition as being incompatible with modern scientific socialism. Yet the Tourist Ministry falls over itself to promote *'Dracula holidays'* in an effort to attract much-needed foreign currency into the lumbering and failing economy.

Few Romanians know anything about Bram Stoker's classic other than that it is historically and dialectically *'incorrect'*. Though a best-seller for 90 years, it has never been translated into Romanian and even foreign-language editions cannot be bought. Not one Dracula film, from the very earliest silent version, through the Christopher Lee chiller to the latest porno rip-offs, has ever been shown in the nation's cinemas. Rodiga even tried to insist that Romanian folklore knew nothing of vampirism. She denied stories (later confirmed by other Romanians) that superstitious villagers in the Carpathians still seal their doors and windows with garlic and bury their dead face down to prevent them rising from the grave. Yet this highly-pragmatic, card-carrying Communist, an atheist in her twenties and an obedient servant of the State, could never bring herself to accompany Sue and me on our explorations of Transylvanian cemeteries. Each time she remained firmly outside the gates... Instead she grinned sheepishly and launched into the officially approved version of Dracula's life and times, telling how — at the age of six — young Vlad left

continued on page 94



Above: A contemporary portrait of Prince Vlad Tepes, who was known as Dracula. A despotic ruler, he committed thousands of crimes against humanity — but he wasn't a vampire. Left: Looking up at the oppressive, imposing walls of Dracula's lair — Bran Castle.

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the house in Sighisoara to accompany his father to Walachia where he had just been elected Prince. By 1438, two years after accepting the crown, his father was forced to march with the hated Turkish invaders back into Transylvania where he did his best to protect the people from the worst excesses of their conquerors. Four years later, the prince was sent to Gallipoli where Vlad and his brother Radu were held prisoner, hostages to ensure their father's obedience to the Ottomans. In 1448, a year after his father's death, the 18-year-old Dracula was freed and set about claiming his right to the throne of Walachia, an ambition that was realised after much bloodshed when he was crowned in July 1465.

The story of the young prince then sinks into an impenetrable morass of treachery, double-dealing and broken alliances, with him fighting, among others, his brother Radu who had thrown in his lot with the Turks. There is even a period when Vlad himself appears to have temporarily joined the Sultan's army, but by the 1460s he was back on the side of the angels, indefatigably impaling Ottoman prisoners after a succession of bloody battles.

Dracula was undoubtedly cruel, but his barbarities against the Turks were highly practicable. He had neither the means nor the inclination to feed thousands of prisoners, and mediaeval Europe did not run to refinements like PoW camps. Yet if he let his captives go, they would either rejoin the Sultan's forces or maraud around the countryside, preying on the local peasants, stealing food, raping their womenfolk and burning villages.

Mass impalement was Vlad's answer. It was a simple and cheap way to rid himself of thousands of unwanted Turks, while littering the mountain passes with endless rows of mutilated corpses was a crude form of psychological warfare, a grim deterrent to the Sultan's troops. As one Turkish historian wrote at the time: 'A terrible fear crept into our souls even though his army was small. We were constantly on our guard and



every night we used to bury ourselves in the trenches, yet we never felt safe.'

On one occasion, a visiting delegation to the prince's camp did not display sufficient courtesy for the despot's overweening ego, so he had their hats nailed to their heads. By such atrocities did Dracula's name become a byword for cruelty — a living legend whose name was soon to be inextricably intertwined with ancient and macabre stories of vampires.

They first began to circulate in the autumn of 1462 when Dracula, then 32, was arrested by his cousin, King Matthias of Hungary and accused of treason. Despite these trumped-up charges — he had been framed by a forged letter — he remained a sort of Robin Hood figure to the Transylvanians. Matthias, anxious to discredit him and so justify the arrest, began spreading horror stories about his cruelties. Among them were dark whisperings about vampirism, Teutonic legends imported to the region by immigrant Germans from their native Harz Mountains. From that moment onwards, Dracula's place in folklore history was assured. Despite Matthias's blood-curdling slanders of his cousin, the king ensured that his imprisonment was fairly civilised, a sort of open house-arrest in the Hungarian royal palaces at Visegrad, 27 miles north of Budapest. There he met the papal legate of Matthias's court, Bishop Nicholas of Modrussa, who wrote this description of him: 'Not very tall, but stocky and strong with a cruel and terrible appearance, a straight nose, distended nostrils, a thin and reddish face in which the wide-open green eyes were enframed

by bushy black eyebrows which made them appear threatening. His face and chin were shaven but for a moustache. The swollen temple increased the bulk of the head. A bull's neck supported the head from which black curly locks were falling to his wide-shouldered person.'

Compare that with the description in Jonathan Harker's Journal: 'His face was a strong — a very strong — aquiline, with high bridge of the thin nose and peculiarly arched nostrils; with lofty domed forehead, and hair growing scantily round the temples, but profusely elsewhere. His eyebrows were very massive, almost meeting over the nose and with bushy hair that seemed to curl in its own profusion. The mouth, so far as I could see under the heavy moustache, was fixed and rather cruel-looking...'

The Impaler remained a prisoner for 13 years, during which time he learned to sew — a curiously wimpish occupation for such a monster — before being released by King Matthias in 1475, on the insistence of Stephen the Great of Moldavia, to resume his war against the Turks. By then his brother, having adopted the gaudy title of Radu the Handsome, had seized the throne of Walachia, only to be toppled on November 16 the following year when Dracula's army took Bucharest by storm after a short siege. Ten days later he resumed the throne, but little more than a month later the terrible prince was dead, killed by Walachian boyars, noblemen collaborating with the Turkish invaders. They hacked off his head and sent it to the Sultan as a gift. The rest of the corpse was taken to Snagov, a few miles north of Bucharest, and buried beneath the floor of a monastery which he himself had founded.

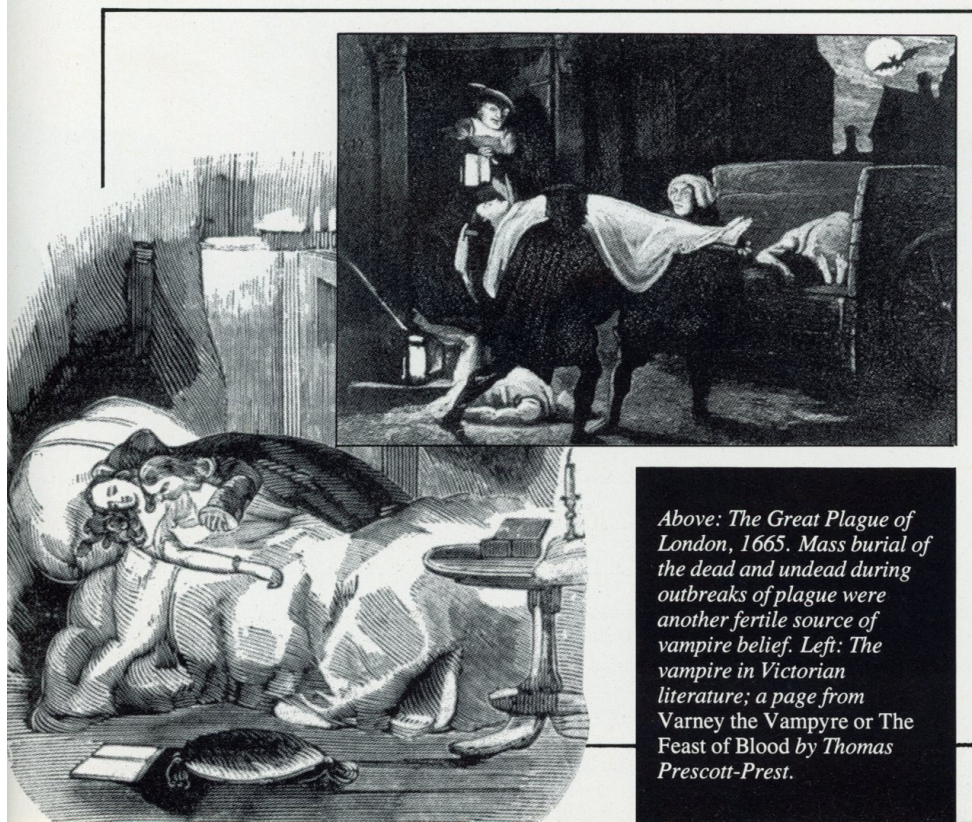
There the mortal remains of Dracula lay for five centuries until the archaeologist Dinu Rosetti dug them up in 1935, finding a few bones covered with a white silk shroud decorated with purple and gold cloth. In the tomb were the clothes in which he had died — a jacket of thick, yellow-brown velvet with large silver buttons, silk-hemmed buttonholes and a floral pattern, in which the flower petals were fashioned from garnets. Beside the mouldering bones was a wreath of flowers and turquoises woven into a thread of pure gold. Rosetti's report makes no mention of any wooden stake.

Our quest for the real Dracula took us through much of Transylvania, a lonely, remote region of astonishing grandeur. First we travelled to the mountain resort of Poinan-Brasov, where we saw a wild bear blundering through the hotel's garden, then into the town of Brazov itself where we dined at the famous Carpathian Stag restaurant, just down the street from the house where the letter had been forged that had led to Dracula's imprisonment.

The rich food that appeared on our plates struck a strange echo, for it was the aftermath of a good dinner that gave Bram Stoker his inspiration for his book... His biographer, Harry Ludlam, reports that 'a too generous helping of dressed crab at supper one night' gave the author a terrible nightmare in which he saw 'a vampire king rising from his tomb to go about his ghastly business.' The powerful imagery of the dream stayed with him after he woke and, remembering stories about Vlad which he had heard from a Hungarian friend, he took himself off to the British Museum, and began to research the life of the dreadful Impaler.

There, too, he found Emily Gerard's travel book, *The Land Beyond the Forest*, which gave

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Above: *The Great Plague of London, 1665. Mass burial of the dead and undead during outbreaks of plague were another fertile source of vampire belief. Left: The vampire in Victorian literature; a page from Varney the Vampire or The Feast of Blood by Thomas Prescott-Prest.*

continued from page 94

him a lively account of rustic life in 19th century Transylvania and — a manna from heaven — detailed chronicles of the region's superstitions and folklore.

He read: *'More decidedly evil is the nosferatu, or vampire, in which every Romanian peasant believes as firmly as he does in heaven or hell... even a flawless pedigree will not insure against the intrusion of a vampire into their family vault, since every person killed by a nosferatu becomes likewise a vampire after death, and will continue sucking the blood of other innocent persons till the spirit had been exorcised by opening the grave of the suspected person, and either driving a stake through the corpse, or else firing a pistol shot into the coffin.'*

Armed with such useful nuggets to supplement his vivid, theatrical imagination, Stoker began to pen his blood-soaked saga, weaving into the old legends a deep, brooding eroticism that tells us much about sexual repression in Victorian England... and, no doubt to a psychologist, something about the darker recesses of the writer's mind.

To the genuine folkloric traditions he borrowed from Emily Gerard's book, he added his own refinements — among them the vampire's supposed inability to cast a reflection in a mirror. Though this has now become well enshrined in the Dracula legend, it plays no part in the old tales that are told in the remote Carpathian villages.

In his *Annotated Dracula*, author Leonard Wolf offers this explanation: *'Here, then, is the figure that Bram Stoker created — a figure who confronts us with primordial mysteries: death, blood and love, and how they are bound together. Finally Stoker's achievement is this: he makes us understand in our own experience why the vampire is said to be invisible in the mirror. He is there, but we fail to recognise him since our faces get in the way...'*

The bearded Irishman was not the first to write about Dracula. At a gathering of *literati* in Geneva in 1816, Lord Byron, the poet Percy



Shelley and his wife Mary, were housebound with a friend, the 24-year-old writer John Polidori, during a spate of violent rainstorms. To pass the time, Byron suggested that each should write a horror tale 'in imitation of some German stories of ghosts'. Only two, Polidori and the 18-year-old Mary Shelley, completed their tasks — the former to publish *The Vampyre*, the latter to create the immortal *Frankenstein*. Other tales of the Undead followed — among them Thomas Prescott Prest's *Varney the Vampyre* (1847) — but it was left to Stoker, grafting fresh layers of horror on to an historic character already hideously steeped in blood, to create the legend that lives to this day.

But while respectable ladies shuddered and thrilled over the gory seductions of Lucy Westenra and Mina Harker by the gaunt and erotic Count, real dramas continued to be played out against the backcloth of the ancient legends of vampirism.

In 1909, one of Vienna's leading newspapers *Neues Wiener Journal* reported that an ancient Carpathian castle had been burned to the ground by terrified villagers. Mysterious illnesses had been afflicting their children, causing a spate of unexplained deaths. Though doctors were baffled, the superstitious peasants were in no doubt — the old Count who had owned the castle and had died some time before was a vampire, rising each night from his grave to suck the blood of their offspring.

In a body, armed with crucifixes and garlic, the villagers marched on the castle and put it to the torch.

Seventeen years later, in 1926, Eleonore Zugun, a 13-year-old Romanian peasant girl, was brought to London by the Countess Wassilko-Serecki to be examined by the National Laboratory of Psychical Research in South Kensington. Eleonore's affliction was strange and frightening — she claimed she was being persecuted by some invisible force which she knew only as *Dracula*, a force that manifested itself in a series of mysterious bite-marks and scratches to her body.

On Monday, October 4, 1926, one of the investigators reported: *'Eleonore cried out. Showed marks on back of left hand like teethmarks which afterwards developed into deep weals.'* And later that afternoon: *'Eleonore was just raising a cup of tea to her lips, but suddenly gave a cry and put the cup down hastily; there was a mark on her right hand similar to that caused by a bite. Both rows of teeth were indicated.'* The investigating team could not come up with any rational explanation.

In 1929, German police were plagued with a series of macabre murders in the countryside around Dusseldorf. In each case the victim's body was found to contain only small quantities of blood, yet there were no corresponding pools of gore at the scenes of the crimes to explain the phenomenon. Only when the mass murderer — Peter Kurten — was caught did it become clear... he had been draining the corpses of blood and drinking it. He was executed, but

never rose from his grave in unhallowed ground...

There have long been rumours that a vampire walks at night in Highgate Cemetery, last resting place of that blood-sucker of the rich, Karl Marx. And as recently as 1971, a farm worker in Ruthin, North Wales, was placed on probation for three years for killing and drinking the blood of sheep, rabbits and cats.

The grimmest irony of all modern vampire stories is the fate of Demitrios Myicuiria, a 69-year-old Polish immigrant, who despite his mundane surroundings in Stoke-on-Trent, lived in mortal fear of vampires. In January 1973, the retired pottery worker was found dead in bed by a policeman who had broken into his room after being alerted by his landlady. 'In the room was a ritual distribution of objects as antidotes to vampires,' the PC told a coroner's inquest. 'There was a bag of salt to the left of the dead man's face, one between his legs and others scattered around the room. Salt was sprinkled on his blankets. There was a strong smell of garlic in the room and outside his window was a washing-up bowl containing cloves of garlic.' A verdict of accidental death was recorded. Mr Myicuiria had choked to death — on a clove of garlic.

Our quest through Romania for the real Dracula ended, inevitably at the Prince's final resting place, the monastery he himself had founded at Snagov, a few miles north of Bucharest — a tiny Orthodox church hidden by trees on an island in the centre of a vast, black lake. The only resident on the island is a solitary — and presumably unimaginative — nun.

That morning, after a troubled night when Sue and I had slept only fitfully because of the howling of wolves in the forest outside the town, I had found two curious puncture marks about an inch apart on the left side of my neck.

When I had pointed them out to Sue, she had shrieked with laughter. 'They're mosquito bites, you idiot,' she said. 'I'm covered in them. Maybe that's what people meant back home when they warned us about the rooms being bugged!'

They were still itching as an antique launch took us across the lake, nosing in among the bull-rushes so we could step ashore on a small wooden jetty and climb the path to the ornately-carved front door that bears the Dracula coat of arms — a fierce dragon.

Inside, where the panelled walls were decorated with florid religious scenes, all was cool and dark. In front of the altar an embroidered rug lay on the floor, covering Dracula's tomb. A vase of wild flowers stood on it beside a framed portrait of the Prince. Nearby, a flame danced behind the red glass on an old oil lamp, casting weaving shadows on the wall and causing the cruel eyes in the painting to flicker.

We stayed by the grave for only a few minutes, glad to emerge from the gloom into the blazing sunshine outside. There, as we waited to board our boat, a fellow British tourist did a double-take when he saw the twin bites on my neck.

'My God, Dracula lives, eh?' he said, nudging his wife and reaching for his Instamatic.

He was right. The devilish Impaler's name lives on today, more than 500 years after his death, still possessing the power to send a thrill of fear through new generations. He will continue to live for as long as books are printed and films are made; perhaps for ever. For it is printer's ink, not blood, that assures Dracula of his immortality...



'Well, I can't find anything wrong, but I do suggest regular check-ups. How about Tuesdays and Thursdays?'





The Lotus Esprit has been undergoing continuous development since its inception in the mid-seventies with changes in styling and interior design. The result can be seen in these four shots of this superb mid-engined, 180bhp, 2174cc model.

Brainchild of Colin Chapman, the Lotus is *the* all-British sports car and young man's object of desire

HOLY LOTUS

Motoring with William Boddy Photographed by Andrew Morland

It is a curious thing that in spite of the prevailing 70mph speed limit in this country, there is a strong demand among those who can afford them for very fast, exotic motor cars.

Even though the only time they can be legally fully extended is during a trip to Germany or on a track! Yet who does not crave ownership of said machines? Ferrari are supreme in such



Below, right and far right: The Lotus Esprit HC Turbo. This very impressive model has a four cylinder, 2174cc, 210bhp, engine with two overhead cam shafts, first introduced in 1981.



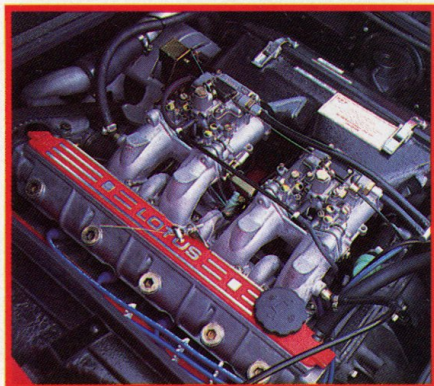
dreams (for most of us) with Maserati, Lamborghini, Porsche and so on in a similar league. Even Ford are now well in the running with the exciting 150mph Ford Sierra RS Cosworth. But for an exclusive alternative no-one should ignore the British Lotus.

Indeed, Lotus is something of a legend, the product originally of arch-enthusiast, the late Colin Chapman, who graduated like so many of us from trials-play with a modified Austin Seven, but went on to become a Formula One team-owner — his hobby really — and a millionaire to





Two pictures above.
Top: The BBS wheel of
a Lotus Esprit. Bottom:
The soft leather-
upholstered interior of
the Lotus Esprit.



Two pictures above —
Top: The engine of
the 2174cc, 180bhp
Lotus Esprit. Bottom:
The plush interior
of the Lotus Excel SE.





boot, before his unexpectedly early demise. Colin knew how to listen and learn, how to attract the best brains, how to make people work hard to keep Lotus where he wanted it — in the forefront of racing and sports-car sales. It has been said that Lancia never made a mediocre car. If that cannot be repeated of Lotus, at least Chapman's offerings were never dull! I remember them well, Chapman had adopted the

Above, far left and near left: Three shots of the sleek and impressive Lotus Excel SE. This model also has a 2174cc, 180bhp engine.



Lotus *marque*-name as some never-disclosed joke between his girlfriend, Hazel (who became his wife), and himself. He became a manufacturer of these enthusiasts' machines by 1952, opening a little works at Hornsey in North London. By this time Chapman had opened, rather wide, the eyes of Austin 7 engine-tuners, with his clever de-siamesed inlet ports, before turning to Ford Ten power for his successful specials. Linking up with Michael Allen, he then went into production with these kit-cars.

It is now a matter of history how these Lotus projects developed, and how Frank Costin, from the De Havilland Aeroplane Company was persuaded to solve the aerodynamic problems which beset the little sports-cars and the Lotus racing cars. Models like the Mk9 and Mk11 arrived to thrill the true fast-car enthusiast and keep Club Lotus amused. Space frames accommodated a variety of different engines. Just before Lotus vacated Hornsey, the stark Lotus Seven had been unleashed — today, the much in demand Caterham Seven. They had a sleek, fibreglass coupé in the form of the Mk14 Elite, with Coventry-Climax power and a British Motor Corporation B type gearbox — for all special builders, even those in the trade, need to use proprietary components from bigger manufacturers.

This is not the place to go into Lotus progress in much detail, except to say that Lotus remains prominent in the top class of racing to the present day. One must, however, mention the splendid little Lotus Elan which possessed such very good performance, and particularly fine road holding, for its day, namely the 1960s. It was light, with what weight there was mostly over the back wheels of this front engine Ford-powered, rear-drive engine and I remember being enraptured by its handling. Chapman also did work for Ford, culminating in the equally likeable Lotus Cortina saloon, and having, moved to enlarged premises

H OLY LOTUS

at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire in 1969, Lotus Cars Ltd was established in its existing specially-planned factory, headquarters and test centre, by 1966.

In the beginning, Chapman and his associates operated on a very limited budget. If you went to collect a test car, as I used to do for *Motor Sport*, at the Hornsey factory, you never dared ask Colin whether or not the car was taxed. I had many an unhappy run through London in consequence! If you were there when lunch-time approached, Colin would yell for the grease-boy, throw him a £5 note, and tell him to slip out and buy us all fish and chips, which we would eat off any flat bonnet or welding bench that was handy. Years later, I had occasion to visit Hethel in an official capacity and was wined and dined in the palatial boardroom. The executive staff were assembled there, standing, until the young car enthusiast, designer and millionaire industrialist arrived, probably in his own aeroplane on the landing strip outside... I had to hide a smile...! It had all moved up-market by 1975. It was then that the Lotus Elite was bought out a fashionable, smooth, two-litre, sports four-seater saloon, endowed with Lotus's own twin-cam, 150bhp engine and five-speed gearbox. A backbone chassis frame and the fibre-glass body construction were retained, but there were retractable headlamps, power operated windows. Power-steering and air-conditioning were optional. You could even have an Automatic Elite, which

would have had Lotus fanatics rolling in the aisles some years earlier. The attack on the Porsche class market was beginning.

The Elite was followed by the rear-engined Eclat two plus two and Esprit coupé, to woo a less exclusive band of the market. By 1980 both Lotus models were increased in engine size to 2.2 litres and a year later the Turbocharged Esprit was introduced.

Since Colin Chapman's premature demise, the Lotus Company have had to struggle a bit, but that seems to be over, with outside consultative work in hand, as with Porsche, and the latest Esprit — a cleaned-up, even smoother-bodied car. Plans are in hand for a brand-new M100, to appeal to younger motoring sportsmen, and an equally brand-new M200 Lotus Exotic. Not only that, which is exciting, but at Hethel they are working, too, on the Lotus M300, in the hope of attracting Ferrari Testarossa customers to buy British.

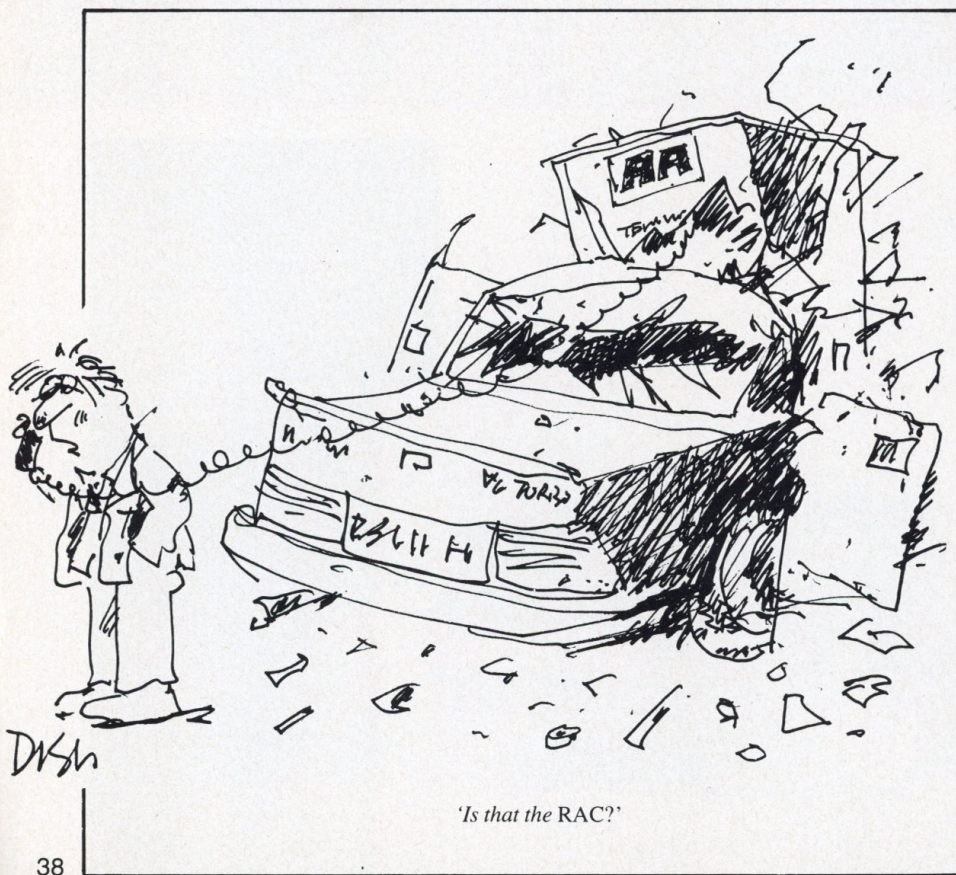
The team under the present Lotus boss, Mike Kimberley, is a strong one, well versed in what is required to capture this high-class market. The strategic product planning is the responsibility of Tim Ackerley with Roger Mackrill as Quality Control Director. Derek Weland is the new Lotus MD, under Chief Executive of Group Lotus, Kimberley, and the Group's Chairman is Alan Curtis. The Product Managers are Chris Dunster and Oliver Winterbottom. It all looks good and promising, an exciting future for those who want to motor fast, safely, exclusively, but if possible in a famous *British* motor-car.

Meanwhile, for those who don't wish to wait, there is the covetable, face-lifted Lotus Esprit, with its classic 16 valve, twin cam engine (just like the racing cars have adopted since 1912, when Peugeot 'invented' it), a short-stroke unit of 95 by 76mm bore-and-stroke, giving 1327cc and 172bhp at 6,500 rpm, with 163lb ft torque at 5,000rpm. There is a five speed gearbox, giving 23.7mph in top gear at 1,000rpm. This mid-engined, rear drive Lotus has a top pace of 138mph and does the 0 to 60mph acceleration trip in the brief space of 6½ seconds, which should satisfy the more blasé of the quick-car fraternity.

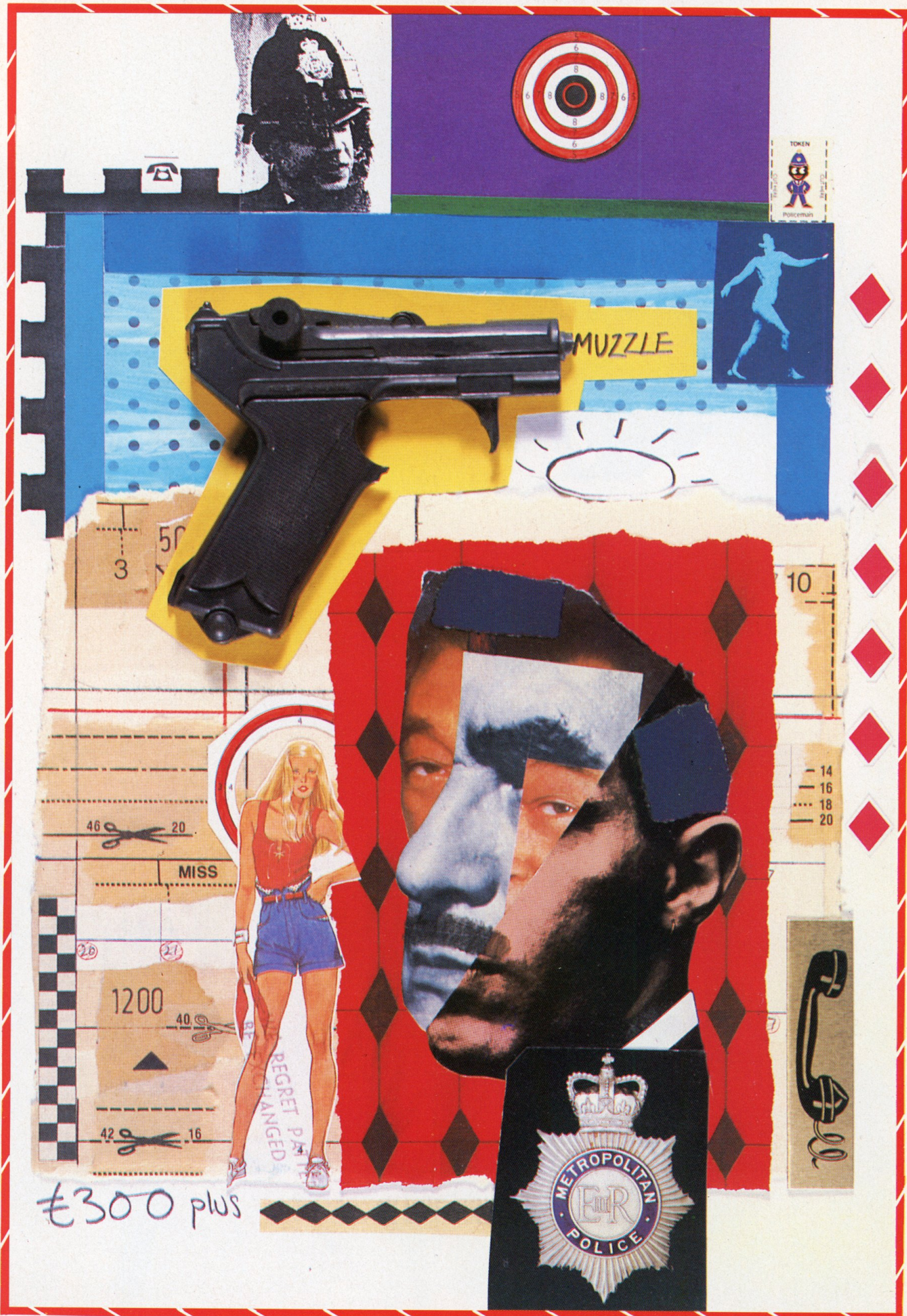
As a bonus, Lotus cars have all the eye-attracting appearance of top-performance class autos, their road holding is renowned, and the new Esprit has lost some weight, so 172 horses have to shift only 574kg. The Esprit has a wheelbase of just over eight feet, power rack-and-pinion steering, and vacuum-servo, dual-circuit disc brakes to kill its mean performance.

Another appeal factor is the great racing record of Lotus. When Chapman was alive he would have turned cartwheels of delight every time Team Lotus won yet another victory, and one of Stirling Moss's greatest was achieved in a Lotus cockpit. Last season, remember, Ayrton Senna won at Monaco and at Detroit in the advanced Lotus 99T-Honda V6 F1 car. I think it's good to be in a car of the same make as the winner of a race you may be attending, even if that meant in a Renault Four or Five when France was bashing the GP scene...

So, you can be a Lotus Esprit owner for £22,950. If you are a real lead-footer and want 14mph above the twin carburettor Esprit's top speed of 138mph, and the ability to clip over a second and more off its 0-60 skip, you need the Esprit Turbo, costing £28,900. Lotus have come a long way indeed since Colin played in the mud with his trials Austin Seven and at Hethel it is now all go, and optimism for the future. 



'Is that the RAC?'



Armed police had surrounded the house and his only prospect for the future was a long, celibate stretch in gaol. Was it so unreasonable, then, that his price for his hostage's life should be a pretty girl for one last bout of sex?

THE GUNMAN'S DEMANDS

Fiction by
Keith Newberry

At one o'clock in the morning searchlights were hurriedly unloaded and set up outside the residence of the Minister of Law and Order. Just minutes later their flat brilliance smashed away the darkness and turned the house and garden into an arena of glare and jet black shadows.

Behind the lights six police cars were parked at angles in the road. Policemen worked methodically, unaffected by the flashing blue beacons on the cars, which rather unnerved the members of the public starting to gather.

They noted the arrival of a caravan, which was a fully equipped field headquarters, and the silent approach of two ambulances. Men in dark clothing with rifles took up positions, settling themselves in with great attention to details of support for their weapons, and the needs of their own comfort during a possibly long vigil.

It was an awesome display of police efficiency, which made some bystanders snort with laughter at the way the fugitive must be feeling.

'Like a rat in a trap,' intoned one man, as if coining the phrase.

'Bet he wishes he'd stayed at home and watched the telly,' added another.

Inside the front room of the house the Minister, still in his pyjamas, sat in the armchair he had been ordered not to leave. A young man peered out through a tiny gap between the heavy curtains. As he leant forwards, the handle of a pistol showed beneath his jacket.

'Fuck it!' he shouted, and began to stride around the room, raking his fingers through his beard and long hair in extreme agitation.

The Minister liked what he saw. The intruder was obviously fully aware of the situation and reacting quite normally. All that was needed was a bit of steering, friendly but firm.

'The sooner you give yourself up the better, you know,' he said, a little man with a deep voice well suited to authority.

'Shut up! I need time to think. How the hell

did this happen? I neutralized all the alarms.'

'The heat of your hand activated an infra-red device as you reached into the safe for the diamonds. It made a sound in my bedroom that you can't hear downstairs, and I phoned the police. Pity the stairs creak so much or the police wouldn't have a hostage to worry about.'

Charging his tones with a little more urgency and power, he continued, 'If you give that gun to me now, we can forget you ever had it and knock years off your sentence. Come on, be sensible.'

'How many ways out of this place?'

The Minister smiled, cool and calm, enjoying the drama with its foregone conclusion. He felt heroic, and would have a claim to bravery now for the rest of his life, but he was quite certain that he was in no real danger.

'You know as well as I do that the police will have the place totally surrounded. There isn't the slightest chance of escape.'

'Oh really?' the gunman replied as if he had been challenged. His eyes held the Minister's for several seconds, and the older man was disconcerted by the intelligence and determination that lay behind that stare. He shrugged the feeling off; the man had no options.

The telephone next to the politician rang out loudly. The gunman whirled round into a combat crouch, drawing his .45 automatic and clicking off the safety catch.

'That will be the police,' the Minister said in a steady voice which belied his true feelings. 'May I answer it, or do you intend to shoot my telephone?'

The young man let his breath out in a shuddering sigh, and reholstered his weapon. 'Tell them you are all right, but I won't hesitate to shoot you if they make any attempt to burst in here. Say any more than that and you can kiss your right knee cap good-bye. And tell them to phone again in fifteen minutes. No, better still, tell them to give you their number.'

Having done this the older man put his hand over

ILLUSTRATION BY
ANDREW EKINS

the mouthpiece and said, 'They want to talk to you.'

'I'll call back,' said the young man dismissively. The Minister replaced the receiver rather ponderously, an important man preparing to be a little impatient.

'How old are you, twenty eight, thirty? It's hard to tell under all that hair. Anyway, you'll still be young enough to enjoy life when you come out — provided you surrender now. This is my last offer of leniency, and you're a fool if you refuse it.'

The young man began pacing the room again, though with less desperation than before. The Minister sensed he was on the brink of capitulating, and tried to tip the scales.

'Are you married?' No answer. 'Well if you are, I wonder if you know that these days wives are allowed to stay overnight sometimes, provided their husbands have earned the privilege by good behaviour, of course.'

The politician thought he saw that one hit home, and racked his brains for more leniencies in the prisons that the layman may be unaware of.

'Yes, it's worth a try!' the gunman said with sudden enthusiasm.

'Sensible fellow,' the Minister replied heartily, rising to his feet with a smile.

'Sit down!'

The politician dropped back into the armchair, looking confused and put out. He was even more so when the young man smiled cheerfully at him, not looking at all like a man about to give himself up.

'It's time to ring our mutual friends and neighbours in the caravan next door,' he grinned at his hostage.

He started dialling, but then changed his mind and instead pulled the Minister out of his chair and

THE GUNMAN'S DEMANDS

over to the window. Standing closely behind the famous man, so the marksmen couldn't risk a shot, he drew aside the curtain so they could both be clearly seen for several seconds.

'What was the purpose of that?' the politician asked when he was seated again.

'So they could see what I look like.'

The older man shook his head enquiringly, but no further explanation was forthcoming. The gunman picked up the phone.

'Hello, is that the police? I wish to report a robbery.'

After a few moments' silence, a hard north country voice replied, 'Listen lad, you're in serious trouble, and it's getting worse by the minute. If you think that's funny now, you damn soon won't.'

'Now you listen, piss head. You will address me as Mr Freeman, because that is what I am at the moment, and I intend to make the most of it, as you will shortly see. I will call you Arsehole, short for illiterate, stupid, bloody arsehole, because that is what you are. Is that understood?'

'Get on with it, lad.'

'Oh no, that won't do at all, Arsehole,' said the gunman, beginning to raise his voice to an unsteady pitch. 'I've got your Minister of Law and bleeding Order in here, and do you know some-

thing? I don't like him. You cheek me again, and his right elbow is going to be bits of splintered bone embedded in the back of the chair he's sitting in. Now, what's my bloody name?' he screamed into the phone.

'Mr Freeman.'

'That's a lot better, keep it up. What's your name?'

'Arsehole.'

'Thank you, Arsehole, I'll phone you back.'

The gunman slammed down the phone, then let out his breath in a long sigh and chuckled to himself.

'Do you want them to think you are crazy?' the Minister asked sourly.

'Yes.'

'So you can plead insanity? I'll testify against you.'

'You won't have to.' He picked up the phone again.

'Hello, may I speak to Arsehole?'

'Speaking,' came the flat, controlled reply, heavy with menace.

'Lovely to talk to you again. Tell me, how many years will I get for this?'

'Right now you're looking at seven or eight. It would have been five or six if you'd come quietly right away.'

'My goodness, inflation gets everywhere, doesn't it? Now please do me a favour, Arsehole. I'm not married, so it seems I'll be without a fuck for nearly a decade when I come out of here. What's worse, I haven't had one for a couple of months. Can you believe it, a guy with my good looks? So what I want you to do is find me a girl for a couple of hours.'

Silence at on the other end of the phone.

'I hope you're listening carefully, Arsehole, because if you get it wrong you'll have to start all over again and that will take time. I want a long-legged blonde in her twenties. Tits must be medium-to-large but not floppy, sexy mouth, good skin, not fat but definitely not skinny. Sort of athletic.'

The silence on the line was almost tangible.

'Arsehole, I know you are not very bright, but try to understand that I actually need a reply from you. Should you refuse my very reasonable request, I suggest you start advertising immediately for the post of Minister of Law and Order, because it will fall vacant as soon as I put the phone down.'

'I'll call you back,' came the terse reply.

'Holy shit!' the Chief Constable exploded, as he came off the telephone. He was a big man, and the violence of his anger made every one in the caravan feel physically frightened.

'I'm damned if I'm going to be jerked around by this smart-arsed little bastard any more. It's time to show him who's the boss. Don't you think so, Paul?'

The psychologist moved around on his chair, leaning forward, elbows on knees, in a way which looked alert and thoughtful, but non-threatening, or so he hoped.

'Before we turn him down, and of course we probably will,' he added quickly as the big policeman's face tightened, 'let's consider the pro's and con's. For a start, it's an opportunity to get one of your best policewomen in there. You know, one of the black belts.'

The police chief was beginning to smile, when the phone rang.

'It's just struck me, Arsehole, that someone more intelligent than yourself may suggest slipping me one of your female pigs. I suppose one should

turn to page 50



'You'd like him if you just took the time to know him, dear.'

continued from page 48

call them sows, though I've never heard the word used in this context. Anyway, do bear in mind that the young lady will have to strip at gun point as soon as she enters the door.

'She'll then be tied down to the bed and comprehensively fucked enough to last me the next ten years. If she's willing to come on those terms, send her in. At least I'll know she's clean.' The psychologist coughed nervously, and scratched his head.

'Okay, he's spotted that one, but I'm inclined to play along with him all the same. A confrontation could lead to him killing the Minister, just to prove a point. He seems to have a lot of pride. I think he may feel honours are even after he's made us procure a woman for him, good story to tell the other blokes inside, and so on.

'More important, he sounded definitely unstable at one stage during that second conversation. We could be on much thinner ice than we think, and I wouldn't like to risk confrontation before we've properly gained an insight into his state of mind.' The massive policeman rose abruptly to his feet, and the psychologist tensed, half expecting to be struck.

'Play it your way then,' said the big man as he moved towards the door. 'You're supposed to be the expert. Jeff, will you take over the phone, I'm going to check things outside.'

A younger man slid into the vacated seat and dialled the Minister's number.

'It's not April Fool's Day, is it Ted?'

'No it isn't, Adam. That was the Chief's own assistant on the line, and he wasn't joking.'

The patrol car was heading into the red light area

THE GUNMAN'S DEMANDS

of the city, girls on the street glaring as it passed by.

'Do you know any tart who fits the bill, or do we just cruise around hoping to strike lucky?'

'Got one in mind, Ted — a real scorcher called Trixie. We're heading towards her pitch right now. I've busted her twice in recent times, so we'll have to sweet talk her a bit to bring her round.'

'And cross her palm with a hell of a lot of silver. She's going to think we've flipped!'

'Here she is!' Adam said urgently, pointing out of the window at a tall blonde in a mini skirt and low cut top, standing in front of a butcher's shop. The car stopped abruptly and reversed to where the girl was waiting for them, already in high dudgeon. The two policemen strolled over to her, slowly, with much smiling and vague gazing around, two old friends happening by chance on another old friend. It didn't work.

'I'm doing nothing, I'm just window shopping,' the young lady of the streets said in a sing song way, full of exasperation and contempt.

'Course you are, Trix, at three o'clock in the morning,' Adam replied jovially. 'The sarge and I are spotting UFOs.'

Trixie gave him the look. 'Cunt,' she said forcefully, and turned to walk away.

'Hang about Trix. We aren't trying to nail you

this time. In fact we've come to offer you some business.'

The girl spun around, mouth open and eyes blazing, a picture of outrage.

'With you?' she sneered incredulously. 'No chance! I'd rather catch a dose. Now piss off, and go and play with yourselves, or with each other.' Adam raised his eyes to heaven, and the two policemen ran after the rapidly disappearing Trixie.

'Not with us, Trix. We've had orders to hire a really good looking chick for a special job. I know it's all very unusual, but you could do well out of this caper, if you play along with us. What's your normal asking price?'

'One hundred quid,' Trixie replied insolently, though showing just a spark of interest. Lying bitch, Adam thought.

'Well, this is worth twice that to you. What do you say?'

'This some kind of trap?'

'Honest to God it isn't' Adam replied, waving his hands like a minstrel. 'We need a job doing, we came looking for the best, so here we are.'

'So what's the catch then?' she asked warily, standing side on and ready to go at a moment's notice.

'Like I say, it's a special job, needs somebody with a cool head as well as a great body. This fellow is holding the Minister of Law and Order hostage in his own home. He's about to give himself up but he wants a first class fuck before he does.'

The girl stared at the policemen knowingly, slowly nodding her head her arms folded in disgust. 'And you expect me to risk my life for two hundred lousy quid? Get knotted!' And she was off again.

'OK, it was a poor offer, but bargain with us, for Christ's sake, don't keep flouncing off every five seconds,' Adam shouted his irritation as they trotted after her once more.

'Five hundred and no harrassment for six months. Take it or leave it!'

'Come off it, Trix, this is tax payers' money we're talking about here. We can't go that high.'

'Then piss off an' find some other sucker.'

'How about three hundred and no harrassment for nine months? Think about all the earnings you loose when you get busted. It's worth it.'

'You've got a deal. Take me to him.'

'Thanks, Trix. We won't forget this.'

'Bleeding right you won't!'

'Hello, Sphinxter, it's lovely to hear from you. I was just about to shoot the Minister, but I really would much rather make love than war. How is dear Arsehole, by the way? We had some wonderful chats, such a lively sense of humour.'

'We've found a girl for you, Mr Freeman. We want a swap. She goes in, the Minister comes out. Agreed?'

After several seconds the gunman replied icily, 'You want to set her up as a substitute hostage, one you don't care a fuck about so you can rush the house and bugger who's inside.'

The gunman's voice began to rise, as if he was losing control. 'That's even though I haven't seen the girl yet, she's worth ten like the puffed up little jerk I'm looking at in here right now, and who is going to be history if you even think of a stunt like that again. Send her in. Now!'

He replaced the phone and laughed out loud.

'Maybe you really are a little mad,' the Minister said quietly.

The young man's disturbingly intelligent eyes

turn to page 67



'Which side is your parting, sir?'

continued from page 50

were on him once again, boring right into him. 'The thing about mad people is that their actions don't make sense. They are just being mad.' He stared at the politician as if waiting for him to understand, but the older man's face showed only wariness and a little fear.

There was a knock at the door. The gunman unlocked it and took cover inside the front room, his pistol pointing into the hall.

'Come in quickly, close the door behind you immediately, and lock it,' he ordered harshly, sighting the gun and clicking off the safety catch. The girl did as she was told, then stood uncertainly in the hall, looking around her.

'Do I have take me clothes off before I come in the room? That's what the pigs said.'

The gunman scrutinized her carefully, then holstered his pistol.

'No, dear, come in just as you are. What's your name?'

'Trixie, and yours?'

'John.'

They entered the room. 'This is the Minister of Law and Order, the cause of all the trouble.'

Trixie examined the politician disdainfully from a distance, as if he were something rather unpleasant washed up on a beach. Having failed to out-stare her, the Minister began to blush, and reddened very deeply when she finally said, 'Nasty looking little cunt, isn't he?'

'My thoughts exactly,' John agreed with a smile.

'I hope he's not going to be watching us, it'd give me the shivers.'

'No ways, we'll fix him up with my portable hostage kit,' said John, reaching into his pocket. The Minister's chair was turned round. He was then tied up at the wrists and ankles, and blindfolded. Chunks of cotton wool were pushed into his ears and secured by elastoplast strips. Trixie began to chuckle.

'Y'know, John, I was shit scared when the cops were bringing me over here, knocking on the door, and you with that gun but now I'm beginning to have fun!'

Looking saucy, she started to move in a way which attracted attention to her bare arms and shoulders, and her half exposed breasts.

'And I don't think you're a loon like the pigs say. In fact, I think you're rather sexy.'

'Thanks, Trixie, I like you too. But let's just sit on the bed for a moment, I want to talk to you.'

'Sure, I like a slow start myself.'

The gunman turned on the radio to further prevent the Minister from hearing what went on. A couple of times, however, the sound of Trixie's delighted laughter reached him over the music and through his ear plugs.

★ ★ ★

'I don't fucking well believe it!'

'That's what he says, Chief. He wants a least fifteen vicars lined up outside the house as soon as possible so his fiancée, as he calls her, can choose one to conduct the wedding ceremony. He says it was love at first sight, and he wants a wife to spend nights with him in gaol.'

'Then he'll expect two weeks for a honeymoon in the south of sodding France, no doubt! Why does he need so many vicars!'

'He says it's a big day for himself and his wife-to-be, and they agree that it's very important to have the right man to take the service. He also says that the bloke they choose will be given a pretty advanced religious knowledge test from his own bible, and any fuzz in dog collars will be sent to meet their maker.'

'What does the tart say about all this?'

THE GUNMAN'S DEMANDS

'We had her on the phone, and she says, quote, "He's as nutty as a fruit cake, and we'd better do as he says with no tricks or he'll bleeding flip and do for both of them." Unquote.'

'Where the hell are those microphones we asked for, and the boys from the SAS?'

'The mikes are all in use at the Birmingham IRA hostage siege, and so's the SAS, all those in the country, that is. They don't expect to be finished for another twelve hours at least.'

'The cocky little sod doesn't now how lucky he is. Those boys would have sorted him out good and proper by now. They don't mess about!'

There was little doubt at whom this comment was directed. Confirmation came when the psychologist looked up and into a withering stare, which felt as if it had been going for some time.

'Chief, what sort of person do you think we are dealing with here?' It came out sounding a little more belligerent than he had intended, but he was happy with that.

Shifting his stare to the floor, the policeman replied, 'I'd say we have a little man who's suddenly in the limelight and wants to make the most of it while it lasts. He's not going to kill anybody, he hasn't got the guts. He knows he's had his chips, and we only need to make it clear to him that we're not playing any more, and he'll call it a day.'

The psychologist stirred his coffee with a pencil. The Chief had broken the spoon when the first demand was agreed to.

'Maybe you're right,' he said, carefully wiping the pencil on his trousers. 'But shouldn't we cater for the worst possible scenario, not just assume he's harmless? We're not losing face by playing safe. You told the press that the girl is his sister who's trying to convince him to come out. The vicar can be explained in the same way.'

'And I can't agree with you that he is just attention seeking. He'd want the newspapers involved, and there'd be demands for the end to seal hunting or the release of all political prisoners, or something else of an altruistic nature.'

'He isn't into publicity stunts. He's making us do things for him that he really wants. My reading of him is that, albeit in a bizarre way, he's trying to build up some security in his life.'

The police chief's expression could not have held more contemptuous anger had the psychologist exposed himself and made an indecent suggestion. He carried on quickly, more in the hope than the belief that he could defuse the mounting rage in the massive man sitting opposite him.

'The fellow's lost everything, right? His self-respect is down the tubes because smart operators don't get caught. He's facing a long stretch inside, and it's all going to happen in the next few hours, so he needs something to cling on to.'

'If he's typical, his life so far has been one long record of failure in personal relationships. This is literally his last chance, as he sees it, to establish something to be a little bit proud of to think about in his cell.'

'Oh, true, he's enjoying giving us the old run-around too, no doubt about that. But one has to look past it for the sanity in his madness, because it's there you know, crying out for recognition, and it would be foolish, as well as dangerous, for us to trample all over it.'

An awful silence set in for over a minute. When the chief of police finally spoke, both his assistant and the psychologist jumped a little.

'You really believe that, don't you,' he said in a voice thick and distorted with disgust, and slowly stood up and walked out.

'Fifteen vicars it is, then,' said the Chief's assistant, earning a grateful look from the psychologist.

★ ★ ★

'I must say, I am curious as to why you chose me out of all the others,' the young vicar said in his earnest, breathless way, gazing into Trixie's eyes.

He was totally captivated by her as she practised

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her demure routine that 'innocently' gave him unlimited views of her firm young breasts and long, shapely thighs. The gunman was studying him closely. 'You just kind of look nice,' Trixie replied bashfully, giving it lots of eyelash. John listened to more of the dialogue between the two, then interjected sharply, 'Where did you park your car?'

The young cleric surfaced reluctantly from his absorption in Trixie.

'Oh, down Melbourne Street, just around the corner. Why?'

'What's the make, colour, and registration number?'

'I really don't see why...'

'Just tell me and no one will get hurt.'

The vicar paled a little, and gave the information.

'The keys, please,' said John, holding out his hand.

The vicar was confined to the sofa while Trixie set off round the house and returned with a few items. John then had a shave, leaving a fashionable moustache, just like the vicar's, and Trixie cut his hair to match the short back and sides with a floppy fringe worn by the cleric.

'How do I look?' he asked Trixie, with a grin.

'Bloody, awful, if you really want to know,' she replied without hesitation. 'But just like that prick over there, so I suppose you're happy.'

'Delighted,' John said, examining himself carefully in a mirror. 'You know, if this particular holy gent hadn't been among the fifteen the fuzz managed to rustle up, I'd have been sunk. All the rest look like Laurens Van de Post or Winnie the Pooh. Now, get his clothes off then tie him up and gag him. I've got the gun,

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so I'll cover him if he tries to be a hero.'

'Hello, Sphincter? Thank you for being so co-operative. I can assure you that the end is now in sight. Here's the plan. I'm sending the vicar and my wife out now. Then I want half an hour of peace to compose myself for my coming ordeal. 'During that time, I want no phone calls or any interruptions of any kind whatsoever. If you humour me one more time, you are within half an hour of getting your Minister back unharmed, and I'll come quietly. But get any bright ideas, and you'll lose everything. I'll shoot the miserable old bastard, and you'll have blown it. Goodbye fame and promotion, hello disgrace and transfer. It's just half an hour I'm asking for. Will you give it to me?'

'Give it!' the psychologist urged in a shouted whisper, gesturing with both hands.

'We're right back where we started, for Christ's sake!' the police chief growled in exasperation.

'He's still in there with the Minister as his hostage, in case you hadn't noticed.'

'No we're not,' the psychologist replied excitedly, emboldened by the smell of victory close at hand. 'He's run his course and he's about to surrender. Don't spoil the ship for a hap'orth of tar. Let him have his half hour. It can't do any harm and we're nearly home and dry, I can feel

it! But for God's sake, just be patient.'

The door opened, and a stunningly attractive girl in skimpy clothing came, blinking, into the search lights, quickly followed by a youthful vicar who dithered over closing the door properly.

The police promptly steered them away from the television crew towards the caravan.

'Look, if you don't mind, I want to take the young lady right away from all this immediately. She's had quite a rough time in there, and she's in need of a cup of tea, or maybe something a little bit stronger,' the vicar added roguishly.

'Yes, er, Father, but the Chief wants a word with you both first.'

'We've done our bit, Officer. It's up to you now. Can't you see the young lady's shivering. Don't we deserve some consideration after the way we've risked our lives to help you?' He was beginning to sound righteously angry.

Reluctantly, the police had to let them pass, especially since the television cameras were now trained on the two heroes. The couple walked to vicar's car and climbed in, with the police still milling unhappily around.

Trixie wound down the window and said encouraging, 'He won't give you any trouble now. It's like the rebellious part of him has gone, if you know what I mean, and what's left behind will be glad when it's all over.'

With a brave little smile, she wound up the window. When they had travelled three blocks, they both burst out laughing.

'Oh, Trixie, you were fantastic, really you were! I nearly wet myself when you gave your farewell speech.'

'I loved it! Made them pigs look a right bunch of cunts, which is what they are.'

'Now don't forget,' said John, getting serious, 'when the police question you, as they will, you say I had a gun in my pocket trained on you the whole time, and you had no option.'

He reached into his jacket, and dumped a pile of diamond-studded jewellery on to her lap.

'Take what you like, and hide it safely, and I mean safely, for six months. Then you go along to the jewellers in Cutting Street, ask for Tony, and tell him John Carpenter sent you. He'll give you a good price.'

Trixie fingered the glittering heap in amazement.

'What about you?' she said suddenly.

'Oh, I'm as good as out of the country already. I know people who can fix anything at a moment's notice.'

'Good,' she said in a preoccupied way.

'What's the matter?'

'Nothing.'

'Come on, spit it out.'

'I was just wondering, well, couldn't I come with you?'

'I thought you'd never ask!'

Trixie threw her arms around him, and John had to hold tightly on to the steering wheel.

'Course, it's not that I fancy you,' Trixie added mischievously. 'It's just that I have my professional standing to think about and having been paid to give you a fuck, my pride won't let me rest till you've had it.'

John chuckled and took her hand in his.

'Funny isn't it?' Trixie added pensively. 'I bet I'm the first tart in history who's ever been paid by the fuzz to turn a trick with a thief.'

'And I bet I'm the first man who's ever turned marriage into a truly liberating experience!'

Seated, hunched up, alone in the caravan, nobody daring to approach him, the chief of police could almost hear their laughter.



'I looked at the front, why can't I look at the back?'

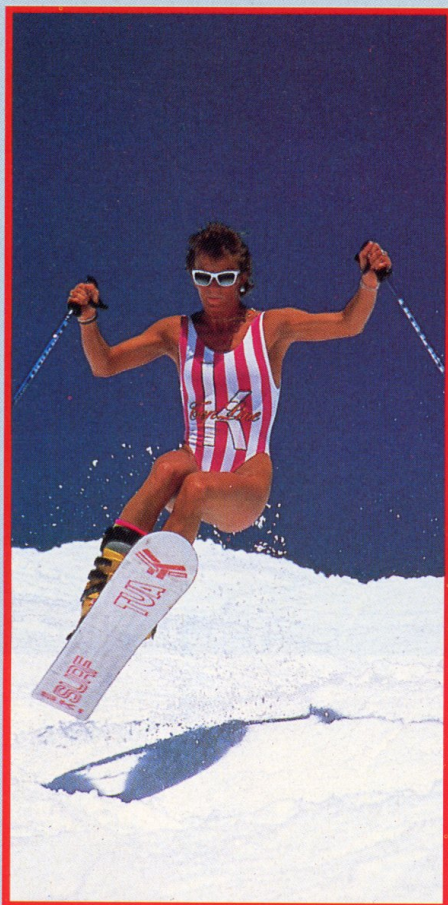
Most skiers like skiing fast. Some do it the easy way, by skiing down the mountain, some do it the hard way, by skiing off the mountain. Few do it with as much style as Silvia Marciandi and Cathy Farier . . .

Ski whizz

IT'S A FAR CRY

FROM THE OLD

SNOW PLOUGH



Over the past few years, skiing has really taken off in Britain. Even Eddie Edwards, Britain's Olympic 'no hoper' in the big ski jump at the Calgary Winter Olympics symbolises just how much fun it all can be. As an Englishman, 'Eagle' Eddie typifies both our eccentricity and the old bulldog spirit. But in comparison to his European counterparts his cheerful doggedness takes second place to their athletic prowess and fine technique — oh yes, they've also got nicer legs. For those of you who think skiing consists of wearing duvets in arctic temperatures, take a look at the summer ski scene. High in the Mont Blanc mountain range at the skiing resort of Courmayeur in the Vallee d' Aoste, snow remains all year round, offering a fabulously beautiful, skiable area — well known among the alpine skiing fraternity. However, it is not just the scenery that is beautiful and stunning as they would no doubt testify. The sight of Silvia Marciandi and Cathy Farier wearing not much more than a

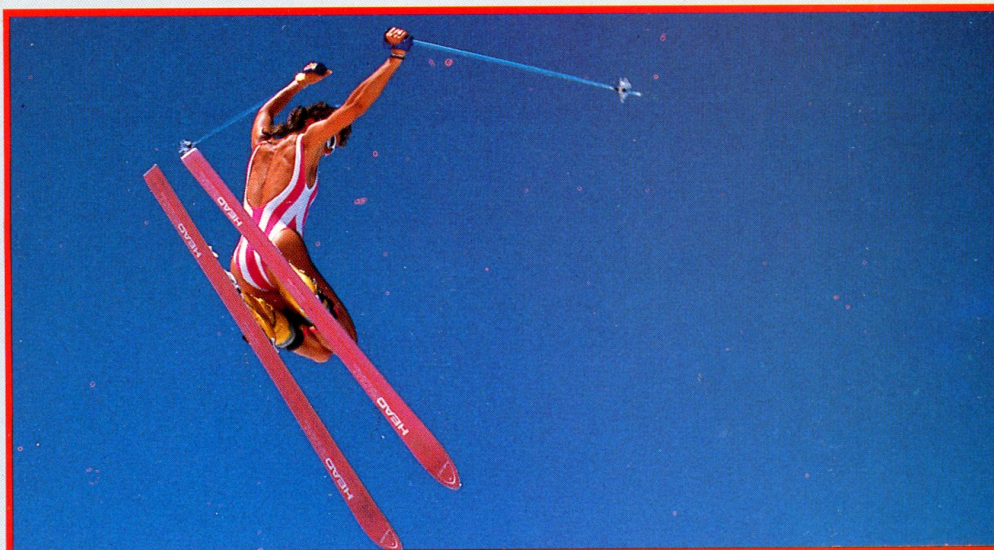






smile and a tan, and performing dazzling feats in mid-air is enough to satisfy even the most blasé of sensation seekers. Skiing at high speeds is one of the most challenging aspects of the sport and it's not for nothing that the downhill is the most popular form. However, for skiers like Silvia (in red and white), who came third in the World Championship at Tignes in 1986, and Cathy (in black), world

vice champion of 1986, freestyle skiing is more like an art form. In recent years, it has become a discipline in its own right with skiers demonstrating their acrobatic and aesthetic skills in the fields of aerals, ballet and mogul run. It takes a lot of courage and imagination. No doubt all skiers would benefit from learning a couple special tricks for use in awkward situations!



GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME.

A ROUND-UP OF
AFTER-DINNER JOKES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A gorgeous blonde secretary was taking a lift manufacturer to court after breaking her leg when it fell from the top floor of her office block to the basement. Much to the manufacturer's annoyance, she was winning over the magistrates with her very short skirt, sexy smile and rather emotional way of giving evidence. Every time she recalled the incident she burst into tears to find a hankie proffered by one of the magistrates. She'd then hitch up her short skirt to tuck the tissue saucily into her knickers.

The barrister defending the company was growing rather tired of this ploy, and as she wound up her tragic story, he interjected.

'No, don't tell me,' he said, 'as the lift plummeted to the ground your life and all your sins flashed before your eyes?'

'Don't be ridiculous,' she snapped back at him, aware of his sarcasm. 'The damned thing only fell 40 floors!'

Why didn't the shark attack the drowning lawyer?

Professional courtesy.



Said the shepherdess to her ram, 'Look my dear,
Sex in the field's okay if the coast's clear.
But surrounded by sheep
Makes my skin really creep.
Please let's get the flock out of here!'

A mechanic paid his wages into the bank every week, always using the same very attractive lady cashier. On a board in front of her was printed her name, Hannah Griffiths, but the mechanic never seemed to look at it. Instead, he stared into her eyes as she smiled and cashed his cheque. Then when she'd finished, he'd pick up the money and leave with a sigh.

'Goodbye, Spanner,' he'd say.

at first, Hannah thought she'd misheard him, but the next week she was sure. 'Goodbye, Spanner,' he said. Perhaps it was some kind of speech impediment, she thought, but no, he seemed to be okay the rest of the time. After some weeks, she grew tired of it.

'Goodbye, Spanner,' he said.

'Mr Williams, as you can see from the sign my name is Hannah, not Spanner,' she replied irritably. 'Please get my name right, it's very annoying. My name is Hannah, got that? Why, why do you insist on calling me Spanner instead? The mechanic smiled an infatuated smile.

'Cos every time I look at you, my nuts tighten.'

A married couple were having dinner, and the conversation got around to transplants and all the artificial parts of the body that were available. 'They'll do an artificial dick next,' said the wife.

'Nonsense!' replied her husband. 'Some things you can't recreate. Whatever would they make it of?'

'Metal,' came the instant reply.

'Don't be stupid, woman, it would rust.'

'Okay, brass then,' she insisted.

'That's ridiculous,' scoffed the husband.

'Men would never be able to keep it clean.'

'Rubbish!' replied his wife. 'I've watched you polishing yours over those copies for *Mayfair* for years!'

Great Quotes of Our Time:

TV nostalgia fan Dennis Norden on the rise in popularity of unclothed roles in the theatre. 'Full-frontal nudity is now totally accepted by all female performers with the possible exception of lady accordion players.'



The newly weds woke up after their first night together as a married couple.

'Now I want to be honest with you,' said the pretty young bride. 'I must tell you now about all the men I've had in the past.'

'That's okay,' said the new groom, 'you told me all about them a fortnight ago.'

'Yes I know,' she replied brightly, 'but I thought I'd better bring you up to date.'

Thought for the Month:

If two's company, three's usually the result.

What do you call three feminists up to their necks in cement?

Insufficient cement.

Definition of an economist: a man who would marry Samantha Fox for her money.

Did you hear about the madam who applied to her local authority for a rate rebate on the house she used as a brothel? She thought that sex was over-rated.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', *Mayfair* magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription to the winner is final.

Back in the 1960s, girls never revealed their nether regions. So I set off on a journey of discovery, determined to uncover their hidden mysteries

In search of **NEVER- NETHER LAND**

Fond memories of those first full-frontals

True life nostalgia by Gavin Brindle

I well recall my first encounter with a naked female pubis. It was not a close encounter. All my girlfriend would allow me was a partial, fleeting glimpse. I suppose I can't really blame her — it was freezing that night in Hyde Park. Too cold to have your skirt up round your waist while some pimply youth conducted a topographic survey.

I have one abiding image of that not so close encounter. Hair.

Discovering that rather surprised me. I'm not entirely sure what it was I expected. Maybe something a bit like a mouth. Albeit, minus the teeth. I certainly wasn't prepared for the full set of whiskers I found, as I burrowed ineptly under her skirt. My girlfriend's body was otherwise hairless — even under her arms — so, naturally enough, I assumed that she'd be smooth and bald between her legs. It came as quite a shock to find she wasn't.

Now, all this may strike you as odd in an age when no-imagination-needed nudity is found in magazines on any newsagent's shelves. You'll have to remember that I'm writing of a time when the female pubis was still a thing of mystery — unseen on stage or screen — let alone on the box in the corner of your living room.

In the mid-sixties, on the eve of permissiveness in arts and entertainment, a sighting of the fabled Holy Grail seemed more likely than a glimpse of the arcane nether regions of a female. Still, I didn't fail for want of trying. I doubt that Galahad





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and Co were more zealous in their quest for that old chalice. Only there wasn't any Lady of the Lake to guide the likes of me. So where did I start? The nude in painting was coy and equivocal. What did that leave? *Health & Efficiency* — the school boy's anatomy manual. *H&E* led you to think that the female of the species was an indistinct blur from her navel to her knees. I hadn't heard of the air-brush. Otherwise, I might not have wasted so much time wondering where to put my plonker, when I got the chance.

And there were also those naturist films. Remember *Take Off Your Clothes and Live*? Possibly Michael Winner's still trying to forget it. I watched that in the Cameo Moulin in Great Windmill Street, Soho — along with Jean Luc Godard's *Une Femme Marée*.

Take Off Your Clothes was about as exciting, and enlightening, as the *Health & Efficiency* pictures. But *Une Femme* did at first seem a little more promising. I retain a strong image of the hero massaging the leading lady's lower belly, while some idiot rambled on about Marxist revolution in the background. Of course, the subtitles obscured all hint of female groin. Even now, they conceal far too much in Godard movies. So take note, Channel 4. In future, *dub* the films!

I left the Cameo Moulin feeling cheated and deprived — like the rest of the raincoat brigade, I suspect. Jean Luc Godard was as near to pornography as you were likely to get, and even he had failed to deliver. Some of the raincoats went straight from the cinema into a very sleazy strip club next door. But my friends and I didn't have the nerve. We were only 14, and strip clubs were to be a somewhat dubious delight of the future — by which time, of course, their educational value was nil.

The film which hinted at the shape of things to come was Michaelangelo Antonioni's *Blow Up*. It contained the first shots of female pubic hair — Jane Birkin's as it happens. But I know this only by report; at the time, instead of watching the screen, I was busily engaged in playing with my girlfriend's nipples under her sweater. Yes, the same girl featured in the first extract of this tale. I blame the single sex, Catholic school I attended. The sex education there could be summed up in one four letter word — 'Don't'. At least, not until after the wedding. Apparently, puberty was something that happened as you walked back down the aisle with your bride.

Self-enlightenment was frankly discouraged. You got beaten for reading pornography — Mickey Spillane, Harold Robbins, that sort of thing. They chucked you out if they caught you with anything stronger. So how did I ever learn about sex and the female anatomy? Like so many boys of that sad, benighted generation — groping in the dark at drunken parties with whatever female talent I could find.

I was 16 before I got the chance to do the deed — if you discount that sad fiasco in the park. It was at a party I had crashed with some schoolfriends. (Crashing parties was our usual pastime of a Saturday night). I noticed this tall, blonde girl — a sort of week-end hippie type. In fact, she came from the convent school just down the road from my own place of learning — as she told me when I plucked up the courage to approach her (ably assisted by the quarter bottle of vodka I'd imbibed). The convent background suggested she was probably even less *au fait* with matters carnal than yours truly. Which was saying something.

Soon enough, we were dancing, then snogging



— forgive my use of period vernacular — and before very long, we were alone in a dark and empty bedroom. I suspect she was even more inebriated than I was — why else would she lie there half-comatose as I stripped off her clothes? But what did I care? Callous little bastard that I was.

Suddenly, there it was — a lush, blonde pubis in a setting of soft pink flesh. I just stared at it. Was this the object of all my endeavours? I'm not sure what I was expecting. Heavenly choirs, at the very least. No one had told me that the earth moved *after* you got down on the job.

But even as I thought of it, I knew fornication was out of the question — I was simply too drunk. She was lying there — all pink and naked, clearly waiting for something to happen. And there was me, transfixed like our old friend Sir Galahad, beholding his grail and unsure of what to do next. Finally, she reached into my trousers — only to discover a limp and useless squib between my legs. And then she was climbing back into her knickers and my chance of a life-time — *the* chance of a lifetime — had gone.

You'll be delighted to hear I did get it away — after a fashion — at a wedding reception some weeks later. She was one of the bridesmaids — a few months younger than I, a few months the safe side of gaol bait. I had no great expectations when she asked me to take her outside for some air. Her body language — arms folded, tight lipped — was eloquent enough. 'Hands off!' it said. Serves me right for reading Desmond Morris. What in fact it was saying was something like this: 'What in God's name are you waiting for? Do you think I brought you out here for the view?' She had to spell it out for me.

'Well, do you want to?'

'Yes, of course,' I replied, uncertain as to what was on offer. A snog and a little light petting, perhaps?

Any moment, I expected someone to emerge from the shadows — probably her father, God help me! And there she was — lifting up her mini-skirt and pulling down her tights, before sitting down on the grass and inviting me to join her.

I had a sudden sense of déjà-vu. I remember staring at the girl lying naked on the bed at the party. And how I had let that opportunity pass. Then, abruptly, I was pulling down my trousers and pants and stumbling to my knees between the legs that were opening to receive me.

It was coitus interruptus. Very interruptus. (I was convinced I'd get her pregnant). I can't pretend that I enjoyed it very much. Afterwards, I quickly pulled up my trousers. But she merely sat there with her tights round her knees. She was dabbing at my semen with a tissue saying: 'I don't want any little tadpoles inside me.' I wanted to scream at her: 'For God's sake, hurry up! Someone might come looking!' But she completed her toilet in her own good, sweet time. Cool little nymphet that she was.

When we returned to the reception, her father turn to page 78

continued from page 76

caught my eye. I think he guessed what we'd been up to — but there wasn't any malice in his gaze. Just this look of resignation and despair. Only later did I learn I was far from being the first to sample his daughter's box of delights.

Now, I assumed that this most intimate encounter would cure me of my voyeuristic tendencies. But, oddly enough, it didn't. Instead, I became part of a whole new generation of voyeurs — witnessing the sexual revolution on stage and screen. Wondering just how far it would go.

The first full-frontal nude to appear in British cinema — do people still use that quaint expression? — was a Swedish actress in a film called *Hugs and Kisses*. I sat through 90 minutes of incomprehensible gibberish for a few fleeting glimpses of the 'triangle that drives men insane'. (I'm told that's how the Chinese describe it). In the pub afterwards, the student friends I was with — yes, by then I'd moved on to higher education — prattled on about the meaning of the movie. Apparently Marxist revolution again.

Of course, more explicit films soon followed. In *Women in Love* Oliver Reed was waving his willy, Alan Bates bonking Jenny Linden in the grass. I was watching with my new girlfriend. Very young and virginal, she was. 'I suppose you've never seen a naked man before?' I whispered slyly.

'Whatever makes you think that?' she asked, her eyes firmly glued to the screen.

I'm told that only men are aroused by visual images. You could have fooled me. I remember going along to 'An Evening of Erotica' put on by the university cinema club. At least half the audience were women.

The movies on show were uncensored porn —

the arty sort, of course — at a time when porn was considered quite trendy, and not, as today, an insult to women. There was this film called *The Bed* — a short, silent feature all about a self-propelled four-poster. It motored round the countryside, pausing to pick up sundry naked couples who fornicated madly. All extremely odd.

Then there was a lesbian movie by Renoir — made in the thirties with two or three of the fattest and ugliest participants he could ever hope to find. Maybe Renoir really thought the movie was erotic. Or was he just taking the mickey out of arty-farty voyeurs like me? Still, it was harmless enough.

But the final feature — a gay romp produced by the disgusting old queen Jean Genet — was really over the top. Men jacking off in front of the camera. White men, black men. Big cocks, small cocks. It was revolting! Would you believe I stormed out of the place? Funny thing, though, no one else followed. Not even any of the girls in the audience.

Genet succeeded where Michael Winner had failed. *Chanson d'amour* entirely killed my interest in pornography. The great erotic epics — Andy Warhol's *Flesh and Trash*, Linda Lovelace in *Deep Throat* — they all passed me by. And as for, say, men's magazines — I wasn't even aware they'd gone from buttocks and boobs to full frontals.

Some time later, I came across a copy of *Mayfair*. It featured stills from a film called *Au Pair Girls* — including shots of the actress Gabrielle Drake. Remember her in *Crossroads*? I'd seen her in the Sci-fi television series *UFO*. And promptly fallen in love with her. She had this sweet elfin face and a chassis of which Sam



Fox herself would not be ashamed. What a combination! And there she was in the page of *Mayfair* — fully frontal nude.

I was surprised — and a little alarmed — to discover how turned on I was. More surprising still, the magazine was sitting on a coffee table in my girlfriend's living room. Apparently, she found it quite arousing. Times have certainly changed.

A recent ladyfriend of mine objected to the large Suzanne Mizzi poster on the wall in my kitchen. Even more so to the centrefold pin-up above my bed. Would it be okay if they were wearing, say, swimsuits? I asked. 'Not at all,' she replied. 'How about fully dressed?'

Again, the response was in the negative. 'It doesn't matter if they're dressed or stark naked.' 'It's still using women as sexual objects.'

Of course, she was right. Men have always — to some extent — viewed women as sexual objects, and they probably always will. The day they don't is the day the species starts to die out. But you try telling a feminist that. Or a moral crusader. The two make a dangerous alliance. I might envy the kids of this generation. They have a freedom I would not have dreamt of. But I wouldn't like to be an adolescent in the 1990s. The way things are going, I can envisage the Hyde Park Academy re-opening for anatomy lessons. 🐣

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THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

The customary goal of the matchmaker is marriage, or at least a close relationship. But sometimes the urge of a third party to see a couple get together has a more temporary and highly sexual motive. Quest talks to three people with experience of the matchmaking syndrome

Quest: Do you find people try to press you into romantic situations?

Clerk: All my married girlfriends are terrible matchmakers. I'm not sure whether they think I can't cope on my own, or I'm too dangerous to have around on the loose!

Quest: How far do they go, then?

Clerk: Oh, steering me towards the eligible men at parties. That's usually the limit.

Quest: But not always?

Clerk: Well, I might be completely wrong, but I'm pretty certain one girl I knew set up something for me with her husband.

Quest: To have an affair?

Clerk: No, but to do it together. I know it sounds crazy, but Jane was a bit like that. Or it might all have been Nick's idea. I doubt if I'll ever know.

Quest: You don't object to sleeping with a married man?

Clerk: Yes I do. But Nick was an old friend. We fancied each other, but we never had sex.

Quest: Why not?

Clerk: Some fellows are *too* attractive. Nick really made you feel the centre of the universe when you were with him. But I'd see him do that to half a dozen girls at a party, and he could have

had any one of them if he'd tried. I didn't want to spend a big romantic night with him, then see him act like that the next day. But what happened with him and Jane wasn't really as bizarre as it sounds. Girlfriends seem to make a habit of throwing their fellows at me!

Quest: Why do you say that?

Clerk: I was only thinking of one incident,

PERSONAL FILE

Name Withheld

Sex Female

Age 24 years

Town of Origin

Colwyn Bay

Other details This dark-haired interviewee moved to the South East after leaving school and now works as a clerk in local government. She shares a flat with another girl.

actually, one of those stupid things you do when you're very inexperienced.

Quest: Go on.

Clerk: It was when I was 18. I'd petted quite a bit, but there were lots of things I hadn't done. Then one boy I was really keen on wanted me to suck him. I said no, because I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do. He just got uppity and dropped me. I used to tell everything to my best friend Ruth. She had a regular boyfriend, who was a bit of a wide boy, though really nice, and she offered to demonstrate how to do a fellow with your mouth, using him.

Quest: She sounds very generous.

Clerk: It wasn't as blatant as it sounds. We were going to make up a foursome in Wayne's car, park somewhere quiet and Ruth would go down on Wayne in the back seat, so that I could sneak the odd look while I was petting in the front.

Quest: Did it work?

Clerk: Not really! My date was a fellow I'd fancied for ages, but he'd never been that keen before — I suspect Wayne had told him he was onto a good thing with me! Anyway, we parked, swapped seats and all started kissing and cuddling. Then a few minutes later I heard Wayne's zip undo. I'd sort of leaned across my fellow a couple of times, and I'd felt he had a lump in his trousers, but he didn't seem to be doing anything about it. I didn't want to be first to start groping. But, as we went on kissing, he slid his hand up my skirt, onto the front of my knickers — I wasn't wearing tights — and then slipped a finger under the gusset and began touching me there. After a while of that, I thought honour was satisfied — now it's my turn! So I sat up, and reached over and pulled at his

QUEST

front of the car, grinning at me, holding it out for me. Ruth said, 'What are you waiting for? I won't offer twice.' So I reached out and I touched him. I was like ice inside. I'd felt erections before, and glimpsed a couple, but never as close as that. He looked so big. I couldn't imagine getting my mouth round him, let alone anything else! But I did — and almost choked myself by pulling him too far in. Then Wayne jumped. I shrieked — though it was more like a gargle! — because I thought he was going to do it in my mouth. Then Ruth cried, 'Don't you dare waste him! His juice is mine!' So I let him get in the back again. That was all, but I had a few naughty dreams about him for quite a while after.

Quest: Did you have naughty dreams about Nick?

Clerk: I used to wonder what he and Jane did.

Quest: Why?

Clerk: She was a very pretty girl, everything he'd like, looks-wise. I knew them both through my tennis club. She had a reputation for putting it about a bit, even after she'd married Nick.

Quest: When did she push you two together?

Clerk: At a tennis club dinner dance, at the club house. We were all on the same table. I was with another old friend. Jane was acting really stangely. She kept pulling me aside and saying how fond Nick was of me, how he was always

which had been the original bar. It was used for storage now, but it had some old chairs and a sofa. We went in there, without turning the light on in case we were disturbed — just to talk. We sat on the sofa, which was behind some old lockers. Nick seemed to me very low, but trying to put a brave face on it. Then he said, 'It really makes things better having you around, Mary (name changed).' I just felt I had to respond, so I kissed him on the cheek. Then he kissed me, and suddenly we were holding each other, and all my old fancy feelings came back again.

Quest: You mean you made love?

Clerk: We lay down on the sofa, and it just sort of happened. I didn't plan it to go that far. Nick started smoothing the straps of my dress off my shoulders. It was backless, I couldn't wear a bra, so when he started kissing me his lips were on my bare breasts — which did wonderful things for me! It certainly turned him on much more. He began squeezing and stroking my boobs, licking the tips of my nipples, and I could feel the stiffness in his fly. I think I even reached down to squeeze it. Then he began pulling up my gown and taking hold of my knickers, and I knew wanted to do it all with me.

Quest: You had no qualms?

Clerk: I had plenty of qualms, but I wanted him more. I couldn't help myself. So I lay back and he climbed between my legs and we did it.

Quest: Satisfactorily?

Clerk: I thought he was so keen he'd go off like a cracker. But he didn't. He came into me quite fast, but he began humping very slowly, making me feel every inch. It felt unbelievable! I was already worked up enough, but it just got better and better. Then, of course, the others came into the room.

Quest: Others?

Clerk: I heard the door open. The lockers hid us, thank God. But it was obviously another couple up to the same thing. They got down to it on the other side of the lockers.

Quest: You didn't stop?

Clerk: I wanted to, but Nick just slowed down, making signs at me to be quiet. When we heard them begin to make love, it just seemed to spur him on — then the girl of the other couple began telling her fellow to, 'Push! Push!' and I knew who it was.

Quest: Not Jane?

Clerk: With her new boyfriend. I suppose it should have put me off — I was shocked enough. But it didn't. It just made me angry. I wanted to make it as good as possible for Nick. We went at each other like mad things. I didn't even care about my own climax. But then I couldn't help myself, and as it started I heard Jane wail. Then Nick groaned and let go. It must have sounded like an orgy from outside!

Quest: And afterwards?

Clerk: Nick and I waited for the others to leave. Then I said how sorry I was. He just told me not to worry. Then about a week later I saw him and Jane at the club, all lovey-dovey, obviously very happy. Nick came over and asked me to forget what had happened. He and Jane just wanted to put it behind them. That's when I started to think the whole thing had been a kinky set up between the two of them.

Quest: Did you feel used?

Clerk: At first. But then I thought, if you need to do something like that to keep your husband interested then there's obviously something wrong. And what Nick and I did together was still tremendous:

Quest: Thank you.

I was making love with my boyfriend as his wife had sex with her boyfriend in the same room

zip. I think I surprised him.

Quest: Why?

Clerk: I felt him twitch in his trousers. Then he jumped like a scalded cat, and started swearing. I must have been too rough or something. He'd obviously come in his pants, though all I thought at the time was that I'd done something terribly wrong! He was really angry, too, which mortified me. Eventually Wayne got angry, and chased him out the car. It was really comic. Wayne was a big fellow — a real scrum half size — and he was standing there in the moonlight, sending this other fellow packing, but he didn't have a shred on from the waist down! Then he turned round, and his thing was just dangling in front of him, still half erect. Ruth and I burst out laughing. The Ruth said, 'Isn't he lovely, though? Don't you just want to kiss him? Look, I'll show you how.' And she beckoned him over to the open door of the car, leaned out, took hold of him, and gave him a blow job in front of me.

Quest: Were you offended by that?

Clerk: I think I was more impressed by the size of him! Then, after a minute or so, Ruth looked up and said, 'Come on, you have a go. Wayne won't mind.' I thought she was joking!

Quest: But she wasn't?

Clerk: Neither was Wayne. He came up to the

talking about me, how if she didn't know any better she'd think he fancied me like mad. Nick and I had been on the dance organisation committee, and we *had* spent a lot of time together. I thought Jane was just making snide remarks. But then, when she wasn't talking to me, she was all over one of the other fellows on the table, a professional who'd just joined the club, who was very attractive. If anyone was doing any serious fancying it was her!

Quest: Do you think she was trying to divert attention from her own activities?

Clerk: I'm sure of it. As the night went on she seemed to get more and more blatant with this fellow. I began to feel quite sorry for Nick. In the end I went up to him and asked if everything was alright with him and Jane. We could see Jane and this other fellow canoodling in a corner. Nick just shrugged and said he was used to that; you had to expect it with a girl as attractive as she was. I thought it was awful! I was convinced he was really upset and just not showing it. Then we looked again and Jane was actually kissing the professional, not just a peck either. Nick said he felt like being quiet for a moment, so I went outside with him.

Quest: Where to?

Clerk: There was a room down the corridor

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE

Name . . . Withheld
Sex . . . Male
Age . . . 35 years
Town of Origin . . . Bristol
Other details . . . This male interviewee is a partner in a small marine engineering consultancy. He married at 22 and was divorced nine years later.

Quest: As a highly eligible unattached man you must find yourself ideal prey for matchmakers.

Engineer: Married women friends are the worst. Bachelorhood seems to offend them. I'm not complaining. When my marriage ended I decided to make up for lost time. I think I'm still doing it!

Quest: You mean you take advantage of the opportunities other people make for you?

Engineer: And vice versa.

Quest: How do you mean?

Engineer: About a year ago I got involved with a girl who worked in the office. A temp. Very attractive brunette — only about 18 — but very mature with it. I've reached the stage where I need a woman near my own age for conversation, and a gorgeous 19-year-old to bonk me stupid at the end of the day. Most of the women being pushed at me were divorcees in their thirties. Lucy seemed a lovely compromise.

Quest: Did you have sex with her?

Engineer: I never actually penetrated her. That was partly my fault. I wasn't used to entertaining girls that young. I didn't want to make a fool of myself. But the first date — it was dinner, I think — went beautifully. And when I ran Lucy back to her flat it was very natural to lean across and begin kissing her — she wouldn't invite me in because she said her flatmate had company. But we got quite steamy. She moaned when I put my hand over her boobs — she was wearing a jacket over a thin blouse, and I swear I could feel her nipples stand up in her bra. She didn't seem to mind, either, when I slid my hand up her skirt and started massaging her mound. She just relaxed and let her legs fall open.

Quest: Did she climax?

Engineer: I had the distinct feeling she was getting into it. Then she seemed to realise what was happening and snapped awake, and that was it. I didn't mind. I was sure I'd get further next time.

Quest: Did you?

Engineer: Yes and no. We went out three or four times — each ending quite steamily in the car. She didn't want to come back to my house, because of work the next day. Weekends always seemed to be out. There always seemed to be

problems with disturbing her flatmate, so we couldn't go to her flat. It sounds a pain, and it was, but she always seemed to find something new to do as a kind of compensation.

Quest: What did this 'compensation' consist of?

Engineer: Once, just before we left a restaurant, she nipped into the loo and took her bra off. She was wearing a topcoat and a sweater, so I didn't realise until I began fondling her in the car. Which was a nice surprise — she had lovely boobs, not enormous, but a superb shape. Another time she brought me off in my trousers, which hadn't happened to me for years.

Quest: How did she do that?

Engineer: Just by stroking me through my underpants. She had this odd inhibition about touching flesh. She'd unzip me and put her hand in my trousers, but not in my pants. It didn't stop her gripping the whole length of my cock through the pants cotton — one hand scooping my balls, the other pumping my tip. That seemed to get her very excited, especially when it became obvious

until she caught sight of me, and shrieked and told Lucy to shut the door. 'Oh, don't be silly mum,' Lucy said. 'David (name changed) has been married. You can't shock him. Not a bad old bod for her age, is it?' she grinned at me.

Quest: How did you react to all this?

Engineer: I was annoyed at first, because I had been taken for a ride. But it soon became clear Dora felt as bad about it as I did. So ironically, it did bring us together, and the final stunt Lucy pulled tipped the balance.

Quest: How?

Engineer: I was due to take Lucy out to the theatre, picking her up from the flat. When I got there Dora told me Lucy had had to go out — she was very embarrassed. So I told Dora to get herself ready, and we spent the evening together.

Quest: How did it go?

Engineer: Very well. Dora was attractive, bright, very easy to talk to, and definitely fanciable. I drove her home and, as I went to say goodbye in the car, it suddenly struck me that I

In my car Dora said, 'I know what you do with my daughter in this front seat, and I'm jealous'

I was about to have an accident, which of course I did. But she was the same with herself. Taking her bra off was OK, stroking her boobs, even rubbing her nipples. But she refused to let me touch her pussy — it always had to be through her knickers. And if it got to the point when was becoming very worked up she'd always stop, and start touching me. It was as if she was afraid of having a climax. I started to think she was a virgin. Finally, she invited me into her flat and I found out who her flatmate really was.

Quest: Who?

Engineer: Her mother. A very attractive woman — very pleasant — but in her mid-thirties. Lucy explained that her mother was still getting over her divorce a couple of years ago, and wanted to be thought of as an independent woman, rather than Lucy's mum. Which I thought a bit thin. But by then I was beginning to suspect what was going on.

Quest: What exactly?

Engineer: Suddenly the sessions in the car weren't as long anymore. Instead we had to pop in to say hello to Dora (name changed) — Lucy's mum. Then Lucy would vanish for long periods into her room, leaving us alone.

Quest: She was trying to throw you and her mother together?

Engineer: Yes. Which partly explained the no-go areas in the car. She didn't mind a bit of slap and tickle, as long as it didn't get too serious, in case I turned out to be her stepdad! But then it became ludicrous. I went to pick her up once, and Dora was changing in her room. I was standing just outside in the lounge. Lucy walked in to ask her mother something, and left her bedroom door wide open. Dora was bending over the dresser, checking her face. All she had on was a bra and some small, quite sexy panties. She had a nice body, too, a bit rounded but quite slim — her boobs looked fuller than Lucy's. But she obviously had no idea she was on public view,

wanted to kiss her. That's when she said, 'You do realise my daughter tells me what you and she get up to in this front seat.' I went scarlet. 'No, don't blush,' she said. 'Lucy said you were lovely. She made me quite jealous. It's been a long while since I thought anyone was lovely. Do you fancy a coffee?'

Quest: Was it a come-on?

Engineer: After the run-around I'd got from Lucy, I'd give anything a try. The flat was in darkness. Dora only put on a small side light, and we settled on the sofa. Then I kissed her. She was a bit awkward at first, and apologised. So we tried again, and I thought I'd been sand-bagged. She was everything Lucy had been, only without the no-go areas. 'Oh I hate fumbling about,' she said. 'Let's to it properly if we're going to.' Two minutes later we were in her bed.

Quest: And you had intercourse?

Engineer: Three separate times, the first straight missionary which did me most good. Then she got on top of me and did most of the work herself to bring herself off. Finally I had her from behind as she bent over the edge of the bed. Apparently that was a position that always got her going, which I can vouch for! It was a very strenuous night. I'm not saying I wouldn't have preferred it to have been Lucy, but it made up for an awful lot of lost time. For both of us, I think.

Quest: What happened about Lucy?

Engineer: The next morning I walked into her getting ready to leave. She gave me a filthy look, and made some remark about hoping her mother was alright. She'd obviously been in her room when Dora and I had got back last night, and heard everything. I couldn't really see why she was fussed. I'd only done what she'd wanted.

Quest: Did you continue to see Dora?

Engineer: For a few months. Then it sort of wound down naturally. But I still have as much trouble with matchmakers!

Quest: Thank you.

QUEST

PERSONAL FILE

Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 26 years
Town of Origin....
 Ely
Other details.... This
 brunette interviewee
 studied at art college before
 joining a small design studio.
 She shares a house with two
 married friends.

Quest: Why do you think your boyfriend made you have an affair with another woman?

Designer: He didn't make me! And it wasn't an affair. More or a quick romp.

Quest: But you had sex with another woman?

Designer: Marion and I went to bed together, yes. So did Leo. I think that was the point of the exercise. He wanted to see Marion and I together. It was a kind of fantasy thing for him.

Quest: You didn't mind being manipulated?

Designer: I wasn't doing anything I didn't want to do. But I do seem to find myself in situations where I'm being pushed together with other people. I'm sure it's to do with being so petite, and very feminine. I look much more vulnerable than I really am.

Quest: Can you give another example?

Designer: When I was at art college my

back arm-in-arm between them. Daniel and I had some wine in his room, and we all sprawled on his big double bed, drinking. Then we began this stupid forfeits game — I'm sure Daniel and Simon had planned it in advance. The idea was that various parts of the body were written on scraps of paper. Each of us had a partner, and answered a question. Whenever we got it wrong we each had to pick a scrap of paper out of a hat, and put together the two parts of the body written down. For example, I might pick out 'head' and Daniel would pick out 'elbow', and I'd have to put my head against Daniel's elbow. But Daniel made the parts much ruder than that!

Quest: In what way?

Designer: In the first game I had to put my hand on Daniel's willy — and he insisted I unzipped him and slipped my hand in the front of his pants. It shows how drunk I was because, after protesting, I did it. Meanwhile he had to put his hand on my willy. At first I refused completely — with Simon lying there beside us, grinning all over his face. Then Daniel made a sneaky flank attack, pushed his hand up my knickers — my fault for not wearing tights! You can imagine what effect that had on me. But then Simon was my partner, and Daniel swore he'd be more respectable this time.

Quest: Was he?

Designer: Hardly. The first forfeit was our foreheads touching, so Simon and I knelt in the middle of the bed, leaning towards each other. Then, of course, the second forfeit was Simon's hands touching my breasts — no, it wasn't even breasts, it was nipples! Before you ask, I wasn't topless — but I was only wearing a thin bra under a rugby shirt, and my nipples did just show through the cotton.

Quest: Did Simon carry out the forfeit?

Designer: Oh yes — hesitantly, but he obviously wasn't going to give up a golden opportunity to touch me up, with my boyfriend's permission! Then there was another forfeit, and the two words were 'crotch' and 'crotch'.

Quest: Could you do that with both of you kneeling?

Designer: No! Simon was about eight inches taller than me, and his fly was level with my

Marion offered to demonstrate her vibrator on me. 'Let her,' said my husband. 'Don't be a prude'

boyfriend, Daniel, had a best friend, who lived in the same house — in fact he had the next room. It was one of our naughty jokes that Simon — the friend — used to go mad trying to sleep when he could hear Daniel and I bonking away; Simon didn't have a regular girlfriend. I was very fond of him, but that was all. But I suppose I was more free with him than I would have been normally.

Quest: Free in what way?

Designer: I practically lived with Daniel. Simon was always in and out. A couple of times he walked in on me in my underwear. It embarrassed me, but Daniel didn't seem to mind at all. I got the feeling he wanted to show me off.

Quest: But you think Daniel wanted his friend to do more than admire?

Designer: I know so. We got very drunk one night at a party all three of us went to — I walked

naivel. We tried — giggling, because we were wriggling about like idiots. Then we started to lose our balance, and I realised there was only one way to do the forfeit, and keep Simon's hands on my boobs, and our foreheads together. I went over onto my back, and Simon fell forward between my legs, so his crotch was pressing right against mine.

Quest: Were you aware of the sexual implications?

Designer: I could hardly be unaware! Especially after the way Daniel had touched me up, and Simon had practically been groping me. Then of course, Daniel called out, 'Last forfeit — one chance to wipe out the rest and win the game!'

Quest: And what was that?

Designer: Simon had to rub his hands over my breasts, each in a different direction, while

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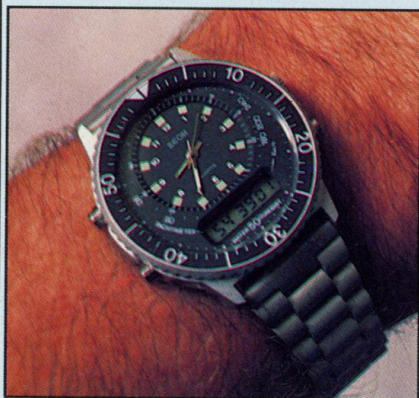
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QUEST

rocking backwards and forwards against my crotch.

Quest: In a simulation of intercourse?

Designer: It wasn't that simulated! As Simon started, I called out, 'Daniel, we *can't!*' And then in one awful moment I actually felt Simon stir.

Quest: He began to get an erection?

Designer: I could feel him moving in his trousers, and of course he was pressed right where I'd notice it most. I could tell by the look on his face he was as surprised and embarrassed as I was, and I could also tell he meant it. Then I caught sight of Daniel. He was staring at us as if he was hypnotised, holding his breath. And for a fraction of a second I knew he wanted Simon and I to do it.

Quest: What did you do?

Designer: I panicked. I was only 19, and sleeping with one boyfriend was all I could handle. I just laughed and pushed Simon off, hard enough for him to know I meant it, and the moment passed.

Quest: But you didn't push Marion off?

Designer: No. But that was only recently.

Quest: What happened?

Designer: Marion worked with my boyfriend Leo. She was quite attractive, a bit Sloane. Leo insisted they'd never had an affair, but I think they'd had the odd bang at the office party. She just wasn't curious enough when she saw him with his pants down.

Quest: When was this?

Designer: After a dinner party we had for Marion and her boyfriend. He'd been ill beforehand and went home early. Marion drank a lot, so we offered to put her up. By then she was more my friend than Leo's. We used to have amazingly raunchy conversations.

Quest: What about?

Designer: Mainly Marion's boyfriend, actually. She was very keen on him, but he didn't have the faintest idea how to turn her on in bed. She told me she'd actually bought a vibrator. After they'd made love at night, she'd sneak off to the loo with it and bring herself off.

Quest: Did Leo hear about these conversations?

Designer: He was part of it, that night. We'd all drunk quite a bit. What brought it up was that Leo had bought *me* a vibrator as a joke — I assume! — when he was working away for a month. I'd actually tried it, and never really got very far. So Marion was telling me what I was missing. Leo was egging her on. I thought I knew why — he had this thing about watching me play with myself, which didn't do anything for me. So I was telling him, jokingly, to shut up. The he said, 'Well, why don't you let Marion show you how to do it properly?'

Quest: He meant it seriously?

Designer: I wasn't sure. Marion looked shocked, then burst out laughing and said it was a great idea. I changed the subject. But, just before we went to bed, Leo suddenly produced my vibrator from the bedroom and presented it to Marion, telling her he didn't want her to be lonely — she was sleeping on the sofa. I pushed

him straight into the bedroom. And about ten minutes later Marion came in.

Quest: Why?

Designer: She was giggling, obviously still squiffy. She had the vibrator and she said she'd come to take up Leo's suggestion. Leo and I were in bed. We'd just put the light out.

Quest: How were you all dressed?

Designer: Marion was swamped in a pair of Leo's pyjamas. He wasn't wearing anything. I'd slipped on a sort of baby doll top, not bothering with knickers. We were all laughing. I sat up, telling Marion not to be silly, but she plonked herself on the edge of the bed next to me, and turned on the vibrator. She wanted to try it out on me. Leo kept saying, 'Go on! Don't be a spoilsport!' So in the end I gave in.

Quest: Go on.

Designer: Marion got me to lie back on the bed, then pulled the duvet back off me. It was quite dim. I don't think I was showing my pubes. Then she told me to relax, leaned over me and started running the vibrator tip over my breasts.

Quest: How did you react?

Designer: It just felt silly to me. I was more aware of Leo gawping over my shoulder than Marion. But it didn't feel unpleasant, specially when she moved onto my nipples. I still had my nightie top on, but it was very flimsy. And my nipples did perk up. Then she started moving down my body, towards my pubes. That made me tense, but Marion said, 'Come on — it's meant to be nice'. Leo chimed in, 'Go on, love, don't be a prude'. Which he knew would annoy me. So I let Marion lift the bottom of my nightie off my crotch, and she brought the vibrator very slowly and gently down into my pubic hair.

Quest: Was Marion turned on, do you think?

Designer: It occurred to me she might be a bit AC/DC. She certainly looked very intent. Then she found my spot, and suddenly I had something else to think about!

Quest: You mean your clitoris?

Designer: Absolutely. I'm quite small. Men often have trouble hitting it. But Marion was right there first time. And I am *very* sensitive. I thought the ceiling had caved in. And Marion didn't just poke at it. She stroked me very gently and sensitively. The feeling was exquisite, and then suddenly, much quicker than I normally was with Leo, I realised it was happening.

Quest: You were coming?

Designer: I was getting little sparks of it in my womb. My heart was thumping. I was gasping for breath, thrashing about. God knows what Marion was doing with the vibrator. Then suddenly I heard Leo panting, and he was clutching at me, pulling me round, running his hands over my boobs. And I realised he'd been as turned on as I was, just by watching. And I desperately wanted to finish properly, with him. I was gasping, 'Put it in — for God's sake do it —!' Then he was on top of me, and his erection was butting between my legs, and slipping into me, and I was climaxing as he started humping.

Quest: And Marion?

Designer: I heard her moan and saw her hunched over the edge of the bed with the vibrator pressed between the fly of her pyjamas. So I don't think she lost out.

Quest: Was the incident repeated?

Designer: No. We all realised it was a bit OTT, even Leo. I think I've always had a slight fantasy thing about doing it with another woman, and Leo brought that out in me. But I'm very happy as I am.

Quest: Thank you.



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'Another high tackle like that, Dai Jones, and you're off!'



'Now, Miss Jensen, you know perfectly well when I blow the whistle you must let go of the ball.'



'Very gallant, but I'm sure Miss Hodgson can change her torn shorts by herself. . .'



'That's not an up and under in my book, Captain!'

'No, Sylvia, we only swop jerseys...'



'Funny, I always thought an early bath was meant to be a punishment.'



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PAK's

King Charles II's physician, so Mark Sutton discovers, had a Most Secret book with recipes which 'wonderfully irritate and excite venery,' and which would make you 'presently and powerfully armed for the sport of Venus'

VIRILE MORSELS

~or how to give a
lift to your lust
in 1682

'To those who would but cannot, to those who can but would more frequently and indeed to those who can but would rather abstain, Greetings.

'Hearken unto one who has it in his power your worries to disperse. Look no further for the answers to your problems, for the key to all that you desire. For hereinafter I shall tell you of such wondrous things as shall cause you joy unlimited.'

King Charles II's physician, one John Partridge, might have addressed you thus had he been writing this article in *Mayfair* in the year 1682. He had just published his *Thesaurus and Armamentarium Medico — Chymicum*, or to put it another way, *A Treasury of Physick with the Most Secret way of preparing Remedies against All Diseases*, 'obtained by labour, confirmed by practice and published out of goodwill to mankind.'

His remedies covered a wide range of afflictions from tooth ache to the Plague; from the King's Evil to 'disturbances of the Flegmatick and cholerick humours'. But he also devoted space to

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN BAKER

what he called 'concerns of venereal lust' with the hope of increasing it or reducing it and, if the former, providing his reader, with more power to do something about it.

In those days such claims from a man in Partridge's position might well have been believed until the recipes were tried and found wanting or until the hopeful Don Juan came across an ingredient growing wild in the Indies or deepest Africa but unobtainable in the neighbourhood apothecary.

The medieval druggist would have been hard put to meet the needs of even his simpler prescriptions. Take for instance that for *Rotulae Stimulantes* or Stimulating Cakes.

'Take Venetian borax two drams, seeds of ashenkeys a dram; boletus cervinus, flesh of skinks each half a dram; long pepper a scruple; white sugar dissolved in water of Satyrium and flavoured with rosemary six ounces. Mix and make cakes.'

A dram at that time was an eighth of an ounce and a scruple one twenty fourth. The borax came from mineral streams above Venice; ashenkeys were the winged seeds of the ash; the boletus was an edible fungus, cervinus meaning of, or related to, the deer. The skink was an African lizard and the plant satyrium a sub-tropical orchidaceous species with reputed aphrodisiac properties.

The resulting cakes, Partridge claimed, 'wonderfully irritate and excite venery and are very effectual to repair impotence and lost virility. The dose is at going to bed from two, three, four, five or six, more or less according as the patient requires'.

The liquid version of the above — *Decoctum Satyriacum* — was also available for 'he who would be presently and powerfully armed for the

turn to page 103



continued from page 101

sport of Venus. A few drops morning and evening would have seen him right, Partridge suggested. *Morsuli Viriles* or Virile Morsels had a longer list of ingredients — green pistick nuts (pistachio), sweet almonds, pine nuts, nutmeg, lesser galangal (an East Indian plant similar to ginger), nettles, oriental saffron (from a type of crocus), cloves, mace, cinnamon and a few others. Blended together as directed they were said to have 'an excellent and indeed a sudden operation on those willing to be abundantly kind to women'.

Other concoctions for which similarly extra vagant claims were made were somewhat more complex. There was the Electuary of Satyrion 'which hath a great force to provide the desire for coition and doth egregiously excite both sexes thereunto. The dose is morning and evening from two drams to three with rich old wine'.

Or the Magnanimous Marmalade, in Partridge's terms *Confectio Magnanimitatis*, 'which gives help wonderfully to those who are cold by nature. It potentially restores virility lost and stirs up venery in those that had forgot it'.

Among the more exotic ingredients of these last two preparations were *Calamus Aromaticus* — the sweet scented grass of Malabar; roots of eryngo — the sea holly (*eryngium maritimum*), formerly used candied as a sweetmeat and believed to have aphrodisiac properties; and finally a magistery of oriental pearls and red coral (a magistery being the residue by precipitation of materials dissolved in acid, often used in medieval medicine and alchemy).

For Partridge, top of the bill was the Compound Powder of Venus, 'by experience (his not mine) the most effectual and indeed the last and most powerful remedy for all against the defect in the act of Venus; and he that is willing to please his consort and would to the utmost prove his virile force, let him take after supper (if he desires the effect presently) at his going to bed; or if he would continue that work, every morning from one scruple to two or a dram in warm milk, sack et cetera'.

The ingredients are much the same as those of his other remedies, but surprisingly include parsnips and leeks (perhaps that's the secret), ambergris which today retails at between £2000 and £5000 a kilo and and 'half an ounce of sulphur of vitriol of Venus sublimate, spagirickally prepared'. In other words a refined sulphate of copper, prepared in the manner of Paracelsus, a Swiss physician (1490-1541).

So much for stimulation. To cool you down, Partridge recommended *Aqua Castitatis* or Chaste Water, 'for it doth so restrain and bridle the fiery prolifick seed of those appointed to lead a single life, so that all libidinous persons use it who are lovers of chastity and modesty and are willing to suppress those excitements without danger to their health; for by its frigidity and a certain occult quality it dissolves the venereal matter. The does is morning or evening or in times of necessity — one ounce to three'. Chaste Water had no less than 26 herbal ingredients, among them hemp, sorrel, purslain, endive, cumin, corriander, wormwood (as in vermouth), watermint, sowthistle and vervain.

Well, that's the way to do it according to Partridge, but oysters, a steak and a bottle of good wine are probably just as effective and certainly more attractive.

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